# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## Original Poetry.

### SMILES AND TEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

I have found out in life that this
Is a curious world of ours,
That where I looked for sharpest thorns,
I've gathered the fairest flowers;
That clearest dew on the nightshade slept,
And the purest joys were laid
On the bitter tears pale misery wept,
And the ruin despair had made.

That when I've gone with glee to meet
The tide of pleasure's flow,
With laughing eyes and dancing feet,
I have drunk of the deepest woe
And seen the wildest tempest blow,
And the blackest storms arise
From summer zephyrs breathing low,
And the depths of azure skies.

A wondrous earth is this of ours,
The one I am wandering in,
Fraught with the bliss of angel bowers,
And the gloomiest weight of sin:
Where joy and woe pass on the while
On their journey side by side,
And soft peace leaves her sweetest smile
Where the brightest hopes have died.

New Brighton, Pa.

## Original Story.

### THE PRESENTIMENT.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

For a long time I sat still after closing the letter. My brain whirled round and round in the blackness of despair: and yet, all the time, there shone down upon its dizzy darkness a broad, bright sun—the sun of Florence's love. "Honor and justice" forbid that I should step in between her and the man who had been constant to her from childhood. Florence—the pure, angelic creature of my worship—was right. Did I blame her for turning from her plighted faith to love me? As well I know that it was beyond her power to prevent the union of our souls, as I knew that mine, too, first standing in her presence, had reached out and drawn her spirit irresistibly to itself. Did I blame her for now keeping her promises, as far as was possible, to the one whose happiness was long ago placed in her keeping?

I felt that she was right. I dared not trust the judgment of my sister, and say to myself, selfishly,—"he does not love her as I love!" his hope is not at all at stake."

My arms rested upon the table, and my head was bowed down upon them. Out of the mingled blackness and glory which flooded my brain, a shape at last grew into seeming reality—a fair face, the form of Florence, as she fled from me through the wood—so pale, so thin, and yet with that look of unutterable love and pleading upon the sorrowful countenance.

"My dream begins to take to itself substance," I muttered. "I knew, when I awoke from it, that some wordless wo, some long, long term of endurance was in store for me. And this—oh, this is equal to that intense suffering. But was there not a moment of joy—a moment of more than mortal rapture—when I held my Florence in my arms—when her head rested upon my bosom, and I, kissing her lips, drank in the divine joy which beamed from her eyes?" aye! there was such a moment in the dream—worth living through all this sorrow for—but it was succeeded by a dreadful catastrophe, from which Florence was saved, but in which I fell from her—forever? Why did the dream break there so abruptly? I had rather know my fate at first. Perhaps, in my last hour it was to be permitted me, that she, whom I had loved so well and purely, should come to me free in that time when earthly ties were severed, to declare her love. Through the shadow of the valley of death I was to pass alone—and then? I was angry with my dream that it had broken off there; for the hope that now sustained me was, that spirits thus mysteriously drawn together here, would be one in heaven, whatever earthly accidents divided them. It was presumptuous in me to strive to pierce the secrets of another world; they would not reveal themselves, desire it madly as I might.

That night I answered my sister's letter. I said that I would leave the decision of the case to Florence: that her womanly intuition would reveal to her, more surely than I could know it, whether it was the greater wrong for her to break her engagement with the man she had betrothed herself to before she knew her own heart; before, as a child, she *could* know it; or to marry him, deceiving him with regard to the nature of her feelings for him.

My own happiness or misery must not be considered; that I loved her—and should continue to love her as long as I was conscious of existence—her own soul, responding magnetically to mine, must assure her. But it was her duty to herself, and to Mr. Evelyn, that I wished her to do. If she did not feel justified in leaving him, I was willing that she should forget me, I prayed that she might be contented and blessed with him—and might God be pitiful to our wayward, wild, mysterious human hearts.

The next message Caroline delivered personally, two weeks from then, when she returned from Newport. The Emersons had gone to their house in the city; Florence did not wish to return to the country; and she would be busy in town with her preparations for the wedding, which was to take place in October. My mind was made up to this from the first; and I did not flinch from the certainty. Florence, with that softness of her woman's heart so strong in suffering for itself, but so weak in the dread of inflicting pain—which made her lie even her failures to be wise, sent me a white rose, the symbol of our sorrow. Long since it lay upon my heart, rising and falling with its melancholy tides.

October came—and went—and Florence was not married. The only information I had, was from Carrie, who wrote me that the wedding had been postponed for a short time, she knew not why. I would not permit myself to be glad. I had resolved to spend the winter in my uncle's family, and not go to the city at all. I set before myself the task of perfecting my knowledge of the German, and of endeavoring to comprehend something of its metaphysics.

With all the energy of which I was possessed, I compelled myself to study. Early in the spring, I learned that the Emersons, accompanied by Charles Evelyn, had left for a tour through France and Italy; that the declining health of Florence was the great reason of the journey; and that when she recovered her health and spirits, the long-proposed nuptials were to be celebrated.

From that time I went forward as usual with the duties of life. I was not a man to subject my heart to the eyes of others; or to sit down by the way-side, and repine.

Society did not complain, except of a gravity seeming remarkable in one of my years and accomplishments; and I presume that I had the credit of being so earnest a lover of knowledge and books, that the fairest of God's works came in for only an inferior place in my affections.

One—two—three years. Easy to count, but hard to live. Still the Emersons were in the old world. They liked the sunny skies and golden airs of Italy. The health of the mother was very poor; and they were afraid of a more speedy decline, should they return to the harsh winters of New England. I supposed Florence to be a wife, but never asked. One day I looked over a city paper, and saw, amid bits of foreign gossip, interesting to people at home, the marriage of their former townsman, Charles Evelyn, with a French lady of distinguished beauty and fortune. For a moment the wheels of life stood still: then they rushed on triumphantly, only to be again checked by the doubt—could it be *the* Charles Evelyn? I had not long to remain in suspense; a letter was brought in, a letter bearing a foreign postmark; and at sight of the delicate superscription, I knew that my soul was to receive a message of fate.

The vague, strange hope that had wiled me on through years, made endless by intensity of life, had assumed a tangible shape. Charles Evelyn was married; and Florence had written to say, that if I still remembered her, she was perfectly free to return my love. For long explanations, she would wait until she saw me, or heard from me.

I felt as if I could fly across the sea upon wings. Still, as no matter what the rapture or the agony of man's passion, making him for the moment feel superior and immortal, so long as he is upon earth, he is bound by the chains of earthly laws, and I was forced to confess to my eager soul, that I had *not* wings, and could *not* fly. And more, such was the present position of affairs at home—my father died some months before, and all responsibility of the estate devolving upon me—that it would be half a year before I could possibly adopt the more tangible means of taking passage in a steamship for the old world.

But as much of my elated and burning spirit as could be crowded into language was sent by letter to Florence. I did not ask her by what happy circumstances she was made mine; I only felt and wrote of her being mine; and bewailed the misfortune of absence from her presence for so long. In her answer, she gave me a brief history of her life for the past four years.

Her ill-health had induced her lover to consent to her wish to delay their marriage; and her mother, at that time, seeming to go into a decline, had induced her father to put in operation a plan he had long entertained, of visiting Europe. As Charles Evelyn was to be one of the party, he was pleased, rather than otherwise, at the proposition. He was very attentive to her during the voyage. Taught, by the study of her own heart, that his tender gallantries and kind deference were not the expressions of such love as *she* was capable of, she began to take courage; and to believe that she might not be doing him an irreparable wrong, if she confessed to him the true reason of her reluctance to marrying him. She was the more prompted to this, because there was, among their fellow-voyagers, a young French girl, of exquisite beauty, of good family and great wealth, who seemed to be fascinated by the wit and personal attractions of Mr. Evelyn, and upon whom she had often observed his eyes rest with delight, if not love.

The charming light-heartedness, the pretty wiles and graceful coquetries of this young creature, she could see were stealing the senses of her betrothed. So, the day before they landed, she ventured upon her dreaded communication. He was more affected than she had supposed that he would be; declaring earnestly, with tears of grief as well as anger, in his lustrous eyes, that he never could be happy in giving her up—but, if she could turn so lightly from the love of a lifetime, he could say nothing—she might go. Then Florence wept bitterly. She pressed his hand, and told him that if it was to cause him any sorrow, she would never refer to the subject again, but would try to renew her affection for him, and would be a good wife to him; and that she never should have caused him the pain of this confession, if she had not seen that another loved him, who would deserve him more, and who, if she could trust the story of his eyes, he very greatly admired.

"That French doll—phew!" but he blushed nevertheless.

And there the matter rested for that time.

The next day, when Mademoiselle Victorine was ready to get into the small boat awaiting her, she approached her new friends, the Emersons, and gave them a cordial and graceful invitation, when they had seen Paris, to come out to her father's chateau, and remain as long as she could make it agreeable to them.

"In June," she said, "the grounds and the scenery near, would be in their highest beauty."

As she took her seat in the boat, she turned and flashed a farewell glance out of her great black eyes, that sent the tell-tale flush again into Charles's face.

From that time he said no more to Florence about an immediate marriage. After a two month's sojourn in Paris, receiving a note from the beautiful Victorine, renewing her invitation, they accepted it, Florence with open, and her lover with secret pleasure. For two weeks their charming hostess put in requisition the beauty and wealth of her father's chateau, to give them happiness. But all the while, she herself, was growing sad, and often Florence surprised her, with the tears dropping from her long silken eye-lashes. The American could not but wish that her warm-hearted and lovely hostess might be rendered happy by the love which she evidently coveted.

Their visit came to an end, however, without any change taking place in the relations of the parties. Victorine sobbed out her adieus upon Florence's breast, just giving one light touch of her hand and one remorseful glance to Mr. Evelyn.

A year passed by, spent under a bright Italian sky; a year that would have been brimfull of pleasure, had not one deep despair clouded its brilliancy to Florence.

Again both Charles and her parents began to urge the propriety of her fulfilling the promise of her long engagement. She was to have been married in a few weeks, when her lover received suddenly a mysterious summons to Paris. He was gone two months; and upon his return said nothing of the object of his visit. Florence alone suspected it; and when he no longer spoke of a wedding, she was certain she was right, and rejoiced in her heart. But why did he not confess and explain to her, who, he knew, would be only too willing to hear his explanation? Her parents began to suspect that there could not be much affection between a couple so patient about their union. It was not until the arrival of Mademoiselle Victorine in Rome, the next spring, that Charles confessed to Florence that he had *yielded to her request*, and fallen in love with the French girl. The object of his visit to Paris, and his secrecy with regard to his feelings, she had no doubt, was deeply concerned with the wealth of the lady, about which there had been some difficulty.

"With all his gracefulness of feeling and ardor of fancy, his tenderness of manner, and poetical dark eyes, I suspected Mr. Evelyn to be something of a fortune hunter;" wrote Florence, in concluding her little history; "that is, I think that he admired, and *almost* loved me; but that he was not insensible to the fact that my fortune was larger than his; and that even the changeful and eloquent eyes of my dear Victorine could not have quite won him, had not her wealth at least equalled mine. They are happily married now, however, and both are content."

That Florence, too, was content, and that I was, what need I say?

CHAPTER III.

I fell flooded with a Dark,
In the silence of a swoon.—
When I rose, still, cold and stark,
There was night,—I saw the moon;
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.
And I walked as if apart
From myself, when I could stand—
And I pitied my own heart,
And I held it in my hand
Somewhat coldly,—with a sense
Of fulfilled benevolence.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

"Bubble—bubble! toil and trouble!"

Never, never, even in Italy, did the sun rise upon a more glorious day. Never was the sky a deeper blue, the air more clear and golden, the world more softly, brightly and deliciously beautiful. And never, even in that glowing clime, did a heart beat with more passionate happiness than mine. I arose before the sun, and sat in the deep embrasure of the old palace window, looking towards the day. Upon the marble walls beneath me climbed brilliant vines, whose blossoms loaded the morning air with a sweetness that was as of Paradise. My heart was flooded with light, fragrance and glory. The day before I had arrived at Naples, I had met my Florence. The evening previous, I had sat with her until midnight in the moonlighted balcony of her mother's apartment. In a shadowy corner we sat alone. I had heard her voice, low and freighted with timid joy; I had looked long into her blissful eyes, beaming through all their fathomless depths with a new happiness; I had taken her gently to my bosom, gently, lest she should be frightened at the almost fearful love that was throbbing there; I had smoothed back the tresses from her fair forehead, and kissed her open lips and brow. She had wept upon my breast in the fullness of her delight; in those few hours the darkness of years had melted away, and a heavenly radiance taken its place.

Yes, I was content, I saw the sun arise upon that classic land, haunted by the shades of former gods, and he was not more full of fire and light than was my soul. But the dream! that had come back to me during my brief sleep—and now, in the very face of the glowing sun, it mocked my thought. I had overtaken my Florence; I had soothed away the melancholy from her imploring eyes; I had held her to my heart—I had drank a new life from the kisses of her lips—so far, then, the dream had been fulfilled; and now, through all my sleep, I had seemed to fall; and being awake, I was still followed by an uncertain, dizzy dread. A dread, that like some haunting ghost, is terrible, because unseen and intangible. But it could not affect me; it was near me, but it did not touch me. I was superior to fear or danger.

The friends with whom I had come over from America, wished, that day to ascend to the top of Mount Vesuvius; and I, though much preferring to remain at home with my beloved Florence, had consented to go with them. We were to start early, and I heard them calling me, from the staircase, to come to breakfast.

The Emersons, who had apartments in another part of the city, were to join us, as we passed, and accompany us to the foot of the mountain.

How beautiful Florence looked, as she came out of the shadow of the marble portico to her seat in the carriage.

Her blush and smile, as she greeted me, sent a flush of triumph to my brow. We sat in the same carriage; and the happiness of that ride, in the fresh morning, along the shore of that delightful bay, with palaces and pleasure-grounds, and islands of beauty in view—with all the antique associations of the scene—and with our love speaking silently from stolen glances, and adding its own exquisite charm to everything, made it a never-to-be-forgotten thing.

When we came to the beginning of the ascent, the ladies returned. Mrs. Emerson was too feeble, and Florence too timid, to attempt the laborious feat of climbing the mountain. As I said good-bye to Florence, she grew pale, looking at me a moment earnestly, and speaking not a word. My own heart dropped down in my bosom, like a piece of cooling lead, chill and heavy. I did not know why. I looked after the carriage a moment, as it turned away; *she*, too, was looking back—she waved her hand—and we parted, as I thought, for a few brief hours.

The next instant my depression vanished. My happy mood was unconquerable; I was the life of the party; scorning the assistance of the guide, and leading the van exultingly. Not all the ghosts which line the gloomy banks of the Styx, mocking and threatening my secret soul, could have driven away its mirth. It had quaffed the ambrosia of life, and the exhilerating draught had made it to walk upon Olympus.

We stood upon the desolate top of Mount Vesuvius. I sent up a shout of triumph. My companions thought it was of triumph because I was first to accomplish the ascent; but *I* know it was the cry of victory over the terrible sorrow which had lengthened and darkened the young years of my life into a long night of gloom. After this giving voice to the joy that was too intense within me, I stood silent, listening to the sullen, ceaseless throbbing of the fiery heart of Earth. Great Powers of Nature! what a pulse was that which I heard and felt, throbbing beneath me! What was the feeble bounding of even my exulting life, so grand as I felt it now, compared with the mighty working within the glowing breast of this, our common mother! I stood still, absorbed in an awful sense of the Divinity that was forever at work in these sublime manifestations.

It was not until my friends overtook me, and aroused me, that I shook off the spell. Then I had leisure to allow fancy to usurp the place of the oppressive realities. The mists that arose out of crevices, and fled across the barren mountain-plain, took shape like Macbeth's witches, arising from some evil work. As we approached the edge of the crater and peered over, I had a vision of Pluto upon the throne of Hell. The fiery rivers of Lethe and Acheron flowed either way from under his sulphurous royal chair. Cerberus lay black and growling at his feet—in the black smoke I could image twining snakes; and for an instant, in a fragment of white mist I saw pale Proserpina, crowned with asphodel, sitting languid on her golden seat. The next moment, I started back with the rest, when an immense column of lava shot up before us, glowed, and melted down again.

The volcano was in unusual agitation. But the guides thought it perfectly safe to descend into the crater; and as that was the purpose of our expedition, we resolved to fulfil it. The very nearness of danger added a charm; for none of us thought that harm could *really* befal us—we, so gay and prosperous, who had come across from America, partly on account of this visit to the secret chambers of the earth.

Down and down the narrow path we descended, clinging to the lava-rocks, enveloped at times in blinding mist, or startled by thunderous explosions of wrath from the fiery heart beating with its mysterious and awful life, beneath us. But why dwell upon this, or stop to recall now the shuddering delight with which I hung above that burning breast, and watched the secret springs of its action laid bare? It was folly of me ever to attempt this circumstantially to relate my fearful experience.

Enough for me to say that in the dizzy fear and pleasure of the time, prudence was forgotten; or that the fate which had so long impended, descended with me into that abyss, crept with me over the bottom of the crater—tempted me to the hot and crumbling edge of the basin, and that I fell.

A shriek of horror from my friends—a thought of—Florence—a gulf of fire beneath me—an instant of unspoken, unimagined agony—that was all.

I awoke as from death. In truth, I believed that I was dead, and I lay a long time, waiting for God, in His goodness, to come with light, and lead me out of that darkness.

Gradually then came back the memory, with a shudder through all my body (or spirit) of the last painful moment of time of which I had been conscious. My perceptive faculties, though dulled, were still mine; and in the course of long reflection, I came to ask myself how, if my body were indeed consumed in that awful sea of fire, I could feel this aching and pain, and be cumbered by this mortal weight? I stirred my hand, and it gave me a sensation of physical uneasiness. With curiosity, and something of awe, I struggled with all my enfeebled powers, and raising myself into a sitting posture, looked around. Upon one side, in the distance, was a red glare, and a heavy, monotonous sound, as of unceasing thunder—upon the other was blackness and profound silence.

I lifted my faint head, and above me was a ray of pure light. I knew not, at the first, but that it might be the herald of glory of an angel coming to summon me. But it remained steadfast; and as my sight became accustomed to the gloom of the place, I perceived that I was in a rude and shapeless cavern, and that the light descended through a crevice in the earth. I lay upon a stratum of lava which had evidently been loosened from its former resting-place, and cast into this nook by some prodigious power. I tried to think calmly of the probabilities of my situation; and came at last to the conclusion that the insidious force which had crumbled the ledge upon which I stood before I fell, had, at that instant, raised this mass from a lower, projecting ledge, that this had intercepted my downward plunge, and that it had, with me upon its breast, been upborne upon the fiery swell, and hurled into this awful cave.

It had protected me from being shrivelled by the heat, and the crevice in the earth above me, through which rushed in the cool air, had prevented my complete suffocation from the sulphurous fumes which swept around me.

I was fixed in my belief, by noticing the fresh scoria still slowly trickling back towards that infernal pit, the sullen sounds from which filled me with horror, and from whose glare I turned away my eyes.

"Where was I, then?" I questioned myself. Shut up in the deep and terrible chambers of the earth, from which there was no access, except through that ocean of seething fire. "Better to have perished at once, when I suffered a thousand deaths in one fierce pang, than to revive only to endure the tortures of a lingering, maddening death like this, which now stares me in the face!" I groaned aloud.

Now, indeed, I had time to think of Florence and of her despair. The very anguish of the thought gave a short but superhuman energy to my resolves. I arose, and wrenching a loose piece from the rock around me, I attempted to enlarge the small aperture over my head.

Vain attempt! it was not earth, but strata of lava which opposed me. I was exhausting my feeble strength to no account. I looked around sharply; and guessed, by the deeper gloom at one side of the cave, that there it was extended farther into the mountain. I crept upon my hands and knees, toward that spot, and found, indeed, an exit from this den, but into impenetrable darkness.

How far the passage extended, or into what pits it might lead me, could not be told. My hope was faint; but life was sweet to a young man who had a maiden's happiness dependent upon it. So, with a farewell glance at the gleam of blessed day behind me, I crawled along, feeling my anxious way, and expecting constantly to find my further progress barred by a rock, or intercepted by a chasm. My hands were bleeding and torn; I fainted from pain and exhaustion more than once; yet nature triumphed in my young and enduring frame, and revived her powers again, and I crept feebly on.

The minutes were multiplied into hours, and yet the merciful Heaven that saved me, knows that the hours were as many as could be borne.

There came a reward—a moment of exquisite joy—an emotion of gratitude almost too profound for my weak state to bear—when, suddenly, the daylight dazzled me, when I dragged myself through a fissure in the mountain-side, and saw, after a time, the blue sky above me, the happy world beneath me. All things were as I had seen them last, thirty-six hours before, and yet to me years seemed to have elapsed, and all things to have changed with me.

A patch of snow lay near me, and in it I buried my parched lips. It refreshed me greatly, so that I toiled down the steep to a hovel which stood at its foot.

The peasant woman here was frightened at my ghastly appearance, but sold me a bowl of soup and permission to rest for a couple of hours upon a wooden bench. I sank into a deep slumber while she was recounting to me the terrible accident which befel a young American gentleman the day before yesterday. I had not meant to rest until I had relieved Florence of her woe; and I felt as if I had committed a wrong, when the woman, shaking me, informed me that it was sunset. She went forth with me to aid me in procuring a conveyance to the city; and in the starry evening I stood under the portal of my dear one's home. Slowly I mounted the broad staircase, knocked faintly at the door of her mother's parlor, opened it and entered.

So eager had I been to assure the one who filled my thoughts of my safety, that I had not even conjectured the effect my reappearance must produce. There were a dozen people in the room. Mrs. Emerson reclined upon a sofa, with her face covered by her hands; her husband sat by the table, with his head bowed upon his arms.

Every countenance blanched, as I stepped in and looked around. Mr. Emerson arose to his feet, and his wife screamed aloud. One lady fell to the floor, and others flew as if to escape me.

"Where is Florence?" I asked.

My voice was hollow and strange; all stared at me, without reply.

"Will you not tell me where Florence is?" I repeated, approaching her father. "Be not alarmed; I am no spirit. A merciful God has rescued me from the death which seemed certain. I will tell you the particulars, when I have seen my Florence."

I spoke calmly. He was convinced that Gerald St. Leger stood in bodily presence before him; yet he grew still paler, and his lips seemed striving to form some word; but only murmured indistinctly, as he waved his head towards the door, which was open, into her sleeping apartment.

A lamp was burning there; and heedless of common proprieties, I hastened towards the room, when her mother stayed me with her trembling hand.

"Florence is dead," she said, in a whisper.

I burst into an incredulous, awful laugh, and passed on into the chamber. Aye! there lay Florence, attired in white, as for a bridal, a wreath of white roses in her hair, and flowers upon her bosom. I knelt beside her couch, and gazed at her long. I kissed her hands and forehead and cheeks; and those who stood weeping by, did not interfere.

"Florence! Florence! Florence!" I called, in wild tones, "come back to me."

"Florence," I said it low and plaintive in her ear, for I think I was not entirely sane, "Florence, I am here."

And the spirit, which had only lain in a trance of sorrow, did come back at my call. The blood flushed faintly in her cheek, the lids trembled over her eyes—and as I knew, as I expected, those eyes unclosed, and answered my gaze of love.

When the party with whom I ascended the Mount, came back, sick and pale with the terror of the story they had to tell, they had gone at once to the Emersons, knowing that I was intimate with them. They told the tale with too much abruptness; and the young girl who had arisen to hear it, dropped down at their feet, in a syncope, from which all attempts to arouse her, had been in vain. The physicians had pronounced her dead. Her friends had given her up. And yet, she tells me that she heard the first sound of my voice, in the adjoining room; and that, from that instant, she struggled terribly to cast off the catalepsy, or whatever it was, that held her spell-bound, that she might arise and go out to meet me. Her heart, aroused by my wild cries, broke from the numbness which held it, and the life in her veins began to flow beneath the touch of my lips.

Ah, well! we are happy now; so happy, that this life seems only the pleasant and peaceful beginning of eternities of love and mutual joy. It is not often, except in the weird realm of sleep, that we live over this, our darkest dream.

LUSCIOUS MISTAKES.—The geologist, if he be fairly in earnest, is far too tired after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and besides, he generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Prof. Sedgwick, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn, for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what was to pay, he was told fourpence. He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. "Ah, sir," said the lady, "I should ask eighteen pence from any one else, but I only asked fourpence from you, for I see that you have known better days."

At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment.

A well-known geologist, long Secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation and dragged off to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets filled with the day's treasures, he mounted a stage coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's ends, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman who sat beside him, feeling his pockets full of stones, took him for a madman, who had loaded himself more effectually to insure drowning; so she very slily picked out the fossils one by one from the drowsy philosopher's receptacles and tossed them on the roadside.—*Portland Eclectic.*

A PHENOMENON.—A man is said to have been discovered in New York, who devotes all the profits of his business, which is lucrative, to feeding the poor. Considering the locality, we should have been less surprised at the geological discovery of a petrified man. The name of this singular being is Lindenmuller, a Prussian, recently from a Berlin prison, where he was immured not for crime, but for having principles dangerous to the Government. Here he is in some danger of being imprisoned as guilty of high treason against our sovereign lord, the Almighty Dollar. Last Saturday, the New York *Tribune* says, he dealt out *one thousand dinners* to the poor, each consisting of a large plate of rich soup, a piece of meat, and a quarter of a two-pound loaf of bread. He asks no question of country or of color—but only, are you poor? are you hungry? To those who answer in the affirmative, and give their names and residences, he gives a meal, and if on inquiry, he finds their story true, he repeats the kindness. Philosophers will probably be divided in their theories as to the cause of this wonderful phenomenon. Our suspicion as to the cause is, that the man has a heart. But, oh! the example. What would become of us if every man who has a business that yields a profit in these hard times, should devote the said profits to feeding the poor!—*Fireside Journal.*

## Original Novelet.

### MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

The sky was overcast, the ground was covered with snow, the weather was damp, and very cold for the last of March. As evening drew on, and the leaden sky lowered, and the chill damp penetrated the comfortable carriage in which they travelled, Mr. Willcoxen redoubled his attentions to Miriam, carefully wrapping her cloak and furs about her, and letting down the leathern blinds and the damask hangings, to exclude the cold; but Miriam shrank from his touch, and shivered more than before, and drew closely into her own corner.

"Poor child, the cold nips and shrivels her as it does a tropical flower," said Thurston, desisting from his efforts after he had tucked a woolen shawl around her feet.

"It is really very unseasonable weather—there is snow in the atmosphere. I don't wonder it pinches Miriam," said Paul Douglass.

Ah! they did not either of them know that it was a spiritual fever and ague alternately burning and freezing her very heart's blood—hope and fear, love and loathing, pity and horror, that striving together made a pandemonium of her young bosom. Like a flight of fiery arrows came the coincidences of the tale she had heard, and the facts she knew. That Spring, eight years before, Mr. Murray said he had, unseen, witnessed the marriage of Thurston Willcoxen and Marian. That Spring, eight years before, she knew Mr. Willcoxen and Miss Mayfield had been together on a visit to the capital. Thurston had gone to Europe, Marian had returned home, but had never seemed the same since her visit to the city. The very evening of the house warming at Luckenough, where Marian had betrayed so much emotion, Thurston had suddenly returned, and presented himself at that mansion. Yet in all the months that followed, she had never seen Thurston and Marian together. Thurston was paying marked and constant attentions to Miss Le Roy, while Marian's heart was consuming with a secret sorrow and anxiety that she refused to communicate even to Edith. How distinctly came back to her mind, those nights when lying by Marian's side, she had put her hand over upon Marian's face and felt the tears on her cheeks. Those tears! the recollection of them now, and in this connection, filled her heart with indescribable emotion. Her mother, too, had died in the belief that Marian had fallen by the hands of her lover or her husband. Lastly, upon the same night of Marian's murder, Thurston Willcoxen had been unaccountably absent, during the whole night, from the death-bed of his grandfather. And then his incurable melancholy from that day to this—his melancholy augmented to anguish at the annual return of this season.

And then rising, in refutation of all this evidence, was his own irreproachable life and elevated character.

Ah! but she had—young as she was, heard of such cases before—how in some insanity of selfishness or frenzy of passion, a crime had been perpetrated by one previously and afterwards irreproachable in conduct. Piercing wound after wound smote these thoughts like swift coming arrows.

A young, immature woman, a girl of seventeen, in whose warm nature passion and imagination so largely predominated over intellect, was but too liable to have her reason shaken from its seat by the ordeal through which she was forced to go.

As night descended, and they drew near Dell-Delight, the storm that had been lowering all the afternoon came upon them. The wind, the hail, and the snow, and the snow-drifts continually forming, rendered the roads that were never very good, now nearly impassable.

More and more obstructed, difficult and unrecognizable became their way, until at last, when within an eighth of a mile from the house, the horses stepped off the road into a covered gully, and the carriage was overturned and broken.

"Miriam! dear Miriam! dear child, are you hurt?" was the first anxious exclamation of both gentlemen.

No one was injured; the coach lay upon its left side, and the right side door was over their heads. Paul climbed out first, and then gave his hand to Miriam, whom Mr. Willcoxen assisted up to the window. Lastly followed Thurston. The horses had kicked themselves free of the carriage, and stood kicking yet.

"Two wheels and the shaft is broken—nothing can be done to remove the carriage to-night. You had better leave the horses where they are, Paul, and let us hurry on to get Miriam under shelter *first*, then we can send some one to fetch them home."

They were near the park gate, and the road from there to the mansion was very good.—Paul was busy in bundling Miriam up in her cloak, shawls and furs. And then Mr. Willcoxen approached to raise her in his arms, and take her through the drifted snow; but,

"No! no!" said Miriam, shuddering and crouching closely to Paul. Little knowing her thoughts, Mr. Willcoxen slightly smiled, and pulling his hat low over his eyes, and turning up his fur collar and wrapping his cloak closely around him, he strode on rapidly before them. The snow was blowing in their faces, but drawing Miriam fondly to his side, Paul hurried after him.

When they reached the park gate, Thurston was laboring to open it against the drifted snow. He succeeded, and pushed the gate back to let them pass. Miriam, as she went through, raised her eyes to his form.

There he stood, in night and storm, his tall form shrouded in the long black cloak—the hat drawn over his eyes, the faint spectral gleam of the snow striking upward to his clear-cut profile, the peculiar fall of ghostly light and shade, the strong individuality of air and attitude.

With a half-stifled shriek, Miriam recognized the distinct picture of the man she had seen twice before with Marian.

"What is the matter, love? Were you near falling? Give me your arm, Miriam—you need us both to help you through this storm," said Thurston, approaching her.

But with a shiver that ran through all her frame, Miriam shrank closer to Paul, who, with affectionate pride, renewed his care, and promised that she should not slip again.

So link after link of the fearful evidence wound itself around her consciousness, which struggled against it, like Laocoon in the fatal folds of the serpent.

Now cold as if the blood were turned to ice in her veins—now burning as if they ran fire—she was hurried on into the house.

They were expected home, and old Jenny had fires in all the occupied rooms, and supper ready to go on the table, that was prepared in the parlor.

But Miriam refused all refreshment, and hurried to her room. It was warmed and lighted by old Jenny's care, and the good creature followed her young mistress with affectionate proffers of aid.

"Wouldn't she have a strong cup of tea? Wouldn't she have a hot bath? Wouldn't she have her bed warmed? Wouldn't she have a bowl of nice hot mulled wine? Dear, dear! she was so sorry, but it would have frightened *herself* to death if the carriage had upset with *her*, and no wonder Miss Miriam was knocked up entirely. Well, then, at least wouldn't she have some hot gin toddy, and put her feet in hot water?"

"No, no, no!"

Miriam would have nothing, and old Jenny reluctantly left her—to repose? Ah, no! with fever in her veins to walk up and down and up and down the floor of her room with fearful unrest. Up and down, until the candle burned low, and sunk drowned in its socket; until the fire on the hearth smouldered and went out; until the stars in the sky waned with the coming day; until the rising sun kindled all the eastern horizon; and then, attired as she was, she sank upon the outside of her bed, and fell into a heavy sleep of exhaustion. Was it the effect of nervous excitement that she had that morning a repetition of her strange dream or vision, and awoke with the words, "*Perform thy vow!*" ringing in her ears.

She arose unrefreshed, and after a hasty toilet descended to the breakfast parlor, where she knew the little family awaited her.

"The journey and the fright have been too much for you, love; you look very weary; you should have rested longer this morning," said Mr. Willcoxen affectionately, as he arose and met her, and led her to the most comfortable seat near the fire.

His fine countenance, elevated, grave and gentle in expression, his kind and loving manner, smote all the tender chords of Miriam's heart.

Could that man be guilty of the crime she had dared to suspect him of?

Oh, no, no, no! never! every lineament of his face, every inflection of his voice, as well as every act of his life, and every trait of his character forbade the dreadful imputation!

But then the evidence! the damning evidence! Her brain reeled with the doubt as she sank into the seat he offered her.

"Ring for breakfast, Paul! Our little housekeeper will feel better when she gets a cup of coffee."

But Miriam sprang up to anticipate him; and drew her chair to the table, and nervously began to arrange the cups and to put sugar and cream into them, with the vague feeling that she must act as usual to avoid calling observation upon herself, for if questioned, how could she answer inquiries, and who could she make a confidant in her terrible suspicions?

And so through the breakfast scene, and so through the whole day she sought to exercise self-control. But could her distress escape the anxious, penetrating eyes of affection? That evening, after tea, when Mr. Willcoxen had retired to his own apartment, and the waiter had replenished the fire and trimmed the lamps and retired, leaving the young couple alone in the parlor—Miriam sitting on one side of the circular work-table bending over her sewing, and Paul on the other side with a book in his hand, he suddenly laid the volume down, and went round and drew a chair to Miriam's side, and began to tell her how much he loved her, how dear her happiness was to him, and to entreat her to tell him the cause of her evident distress. As he spoke, she became paler than death, and suddenly and passionately exclaimed,

"Oh, Paul! Paul! do not question me! You know not what you ask!"

"My own Miriam, what mean you? I ought to know!"

"Oh, Paul! Paul! I am one foredoomed, foredoomed to bring misery and destruction upon all who love me—upon all whom I love!"

"My own dearest, you are ill, and need change, and you shall have it, Miriam," he said, attempting to soothe her with that gentle, tender loving manner he ever used towards her.

But shuddering sighs convulsed her bosom, and—

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" was all she said.

"Is it that *promise* that weighs upon your mind, Miriam? Cast it out—you cannot fulfil it—impossibilities are not duties!"

"Oh, Paul! would Heaven it *were* impossible!—would *indeed* that it were, or that I were dead!"

"Miriam! where are those letters you wished to show me?"

"Oh! do not ask me, Paul! not yet! not yet! I dread to see them! And yet—who knows? they may relieve this dreadful suspicion! they may point to another probability," she said, incoherently.

"Just get me those letters, dear Miriam," he urged gently.

She arose tottering, and left the room, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned with the packet in her hand.

"These seals have not been broken since my mother closed them," said Miriam, as she proceeded to open the parcel.

The first she came to was the bit of a note without date or signature, making the fatal appointment.

"This, Paul," she said mournfully, "was found in the pocket of the dress Marian wore at Luckenough, but changed at home before she went out to walk the evening of her death. Mother always believed that she went out to meet the appointment made in that note."

Paul took the paper with eager curiosity, to examine it. He looked at it, started slightly, turned pale, shuddered, passed his hand once or twice across his eyes, as if to clear his vision, looked again, and then his cheeks blanched, his lips gradually whitened and separated, his eyes started, and his whole countenance betrayed consternation and horror.

Miriam gazed upon him in a sort of hushed terror—then exclaimed,

"Paul! Paul! what is the matter? You look as if you had been turned to stone by gazing on the Gorgon's head; Paul! Paul!"

"Miriam, did your mother know this hand writing?" he asked, in a husky, almost inaudible voice.

"No!"

"Did she suspect it?"

"No!"

"Did you know or suspect it?"

"No! I was a child when I received it, remember; I have never seen it since."

"Not when you put it in my hand, just now?"

"No, I never looked at the writing!"

"That was most strange, that you should not have glanced at the handwriting when you handed it to me; *why didn't you?* Were you afraid to look at it? Miriam! why do you turn away your head? Miriam! answer me—do you know the handwriting?"

"No, Paul, I do not know it—*do you?*"

"No! no! how should I? but, Miriam, your head is still averted! Your very voice is changed! Miriam! what mean you? tell me once for all. Do you *suspect* the handwriting?"

"How should I? *do you, Paul?*"

"No! no! I don't suspect it!"

They seemed afraid to look each other in the face; and well they might be, for the written agony on either brow; they seemed afraid to hear the sound of each other's words; and well they might be, for the hollow, unnatural sound of either voice.

"It cannot be! I am crazy, I believe! Let me clear my—oh, Heaven! Miriam! did—was—do you know whether there was any one in particular on familiar terms with Miss Mayfield?"

"No one out of the family, except Miss Thornton."

"'Out of the family'—out of *what* family?"

"*Ours*, at the cottage."

"Was—did—I wonder if my brother knew her at all?"

"I do not know—I never saw them in each other's company but twice in my life."

The youth breathed a little freer.

"Why did you ask, Paul?"

"No matter, Miriam! Oh! I was a wretch, a beast, to think—"

"What, Paul?"

"There are such strange resemblances in—in—in—What are you looking at me *so* for, Miriam?"

"To find your meaning; in *what*, Paul? strange resemblance in *what?*"

"Why in *faces*."

"Why then so there are, and in *persons* also; and sometimes in *fates*; but *we* were talking of *handwritings*, Paul!"

"Were we? oh, true. I am not quite right, Miriam. I believe I have confined myself too much, and studied too hard. I am really out of sorts, never mind me; please hand me those foreign letters, love."

Miriam was unfolding and examining them; but all in a cold, stony, unnatural way.

"Paul," she asked, "wasn't it just eight years ago this spring since your brother went to Scotland to fetch you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Wasn't it to Glasgow that he went?"

"Yes, why?"

"Were not you there together in March and April, 1827?"

"Once more, yes! why do you inquire?"

"Because all these foreign letters directed to Marian, are post marked Glasgow, and dated March or April, 1827."

With a low, stifled cry, and a sudden spring, he snatched the packet from her hand, tore open the first letter that presented itself, and ran his strained, blood-shotten eyes down the lines. Half suppressed, deep groans like those wrung by torture from a strong man's heart, burst from his pale lips, and great drops of sweat beaded on his agonized forehead—and then he crushed the letters together in his hand, and held them tightly, unconsciously, while his starting eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his frozen lips muttered,

"In a fit of frantic passion, anger, jealousy, even *he* might have been maddened to the pitch of doing such a thing! but as an act of base policy, as an act of forethought, oh! never, never, never!"

"Paul! Paul! speak to me, Paul! Tell me what you think! I have had foreshadowings long! I can bear silence and uncertainty no longer! *What find you in these letters?* Oh, speak, or my heart will burst, Paul!"

He gave no heed to her or her words, but remained like one impaled—still, fixed, yet writhing, his features, his whole form and expression discolored, distorted with inward agony.

"Paul! Paul!" cried Miriam, starting up, standing before him, gazing on him: "Paul! speak to me! Your looks kill me! Speak, Paul! even though you can tell me little new! I know it all, Paul; or nearly all! Weeks ago I received the shock! it overwhelmed me for the time; but I survived it! but you, Paul! you! Oh! how you look! Speak to your sister, Paul! Speak to your promised wife!"

But he gave no heed to her. She was not strong or assured—she felt herself tottering upon the very verge of death or madness—but she could not bear to see him looking so—once more she essayed to engage his attention.

"Give me those letters, Paul—I can perhaps make out the meaning."

As he did not reply, she gently sought to take them from his hand. But at her touch he suddenly started up and threw the packet into the fire. With a quick spring Miriam darted forward, thrust her hand into the fire, and rescued the packet, scorched and burning, but not destroyed.

She began to put it out, regardless of the pain to her hands. He looked as if he were tempted to snatch it from her, but she exclaimed,

"No, Paul! no! you will not use force to deprive me of this that I must guard as a sacred trust."

Still Paul hesitated, and eyed the packet with a gloomy glance.

"Remember honor, Paul, even in this trying moment," said Miriam; "let honor be saved, if all else be lost."

"What do you mean to do with that parcel?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"Keep them securely for the present."

"And afterwards?"

"I know not."

"Miriam, you evade my questions. Will you promise me one thing?"

"What is that?"

"You will not bind yourself by a blind pledge?"

"I must not."

"Already a wall is built between you and me—very well!"

"Do not say so, Paul! do not! tell me what you wish."

"Promise me to do nothing with those letters until you have farther evidence."

"I promise you that."

Then Paul took up a candle and left the room, as if to go to his sleeping apartment; but on reaching the hall, he threw down and extinguished the light, and rushed as if for breath out into the open air.

The night was keen and frosty, the cold, slaty sky was thickly studded with sparkling stars, the snow was crusted over—it was a fine, fresh, clear, wintry night—at another time it would have invigorated and inspired him—now the air seemed stifling, the scene hateful.

The horrible suspicion of his brother's criminality had entered his heart for the first time, and it had come with the shock of certainty. The sudden recognition of the handwriting, the strange revelations of the foreign letters, had not only in themselves been a terrible disclosure, but had struck the whole "electric chain" of memory and association, and called up in living force many an incident and circumstance heretofore strange and incomprehensible; but now only too plain and indicative. The whole of Thurston's manner the fatal day of the assassination—his abstraction, his anxious haste to get away on the plea of most urgent business in Baltimore—business that never was afterwards heard of—his mysterious absence of the whole night from his father's death-bed—absence provoking conjecture at the time, and unaccounted for to this day—his haggard and distracted looks upon returning late the next morning—his incurable sorrow—his habit of secluding himself upon the anniversary of that crime—and now the damning evidence in these letters! Among them, and the first he looked at, was the letter Thurston had written Marian, to persuade her to accompany him to France, in the course of which his marriage with her was repeatedly acknowledged, being incidentally introduced as an argument in favor of her compliance with his wishes.

Yet Paul could not believe the crime ever premeditated—it was sudden, unintentional, consummated in a lover's quarrel, in a fit of jealousy, rage, disappointment, madness!—Stumbling upon half the truth, he said to himself,

"Perhaps failing to persuade her to fly with him to France, he had attempted to carry her off, and being foiled, had temporarily lost his self-control, his very sanity—*that* would account for all that had seemed so strange in his conduct the day and night of the assassination, and the morning after."

There was agony—there was madness in the pursuit of the investigation. Oh! pitying heavens, how thought and grief surged and seethed in aching heart and burning brain!

And Miriam's promise to her dying mother. Miriam's promise to bring the criminal to justice! would she—*could* she now abide by its obligations?—*could* she prosecute her benefactor, her adopted brother, for murder?—*could her* hand be raised to hurl him down from his pride of place to shame and death? No, no, no, no! the vow must be broken, must be evaded, the right, even it were the right, must be transgressed, heaven offended—anything! anything! anything but the exposure and sacrifice of their brother! If he had sinned, had he not repented? did he not suffer? what right had *she*, his ward, his protegé, his *child*, to punish him? "Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord." No, Miriam must not keep her vow! She must; she must; she must; responded the moral sense—slow, measured, dispassionate, as the regular fall of a clock's hammer. "I will myself prevent her, I will find means, arguments and persuasions to act upon her. I will so appeal to her affections, her gratitude, her compassion, her pride, her fears, her love for me—I will so work upon her heart that she will not find courage to keep her vow." She will; she will, responded the deliberate conscience.

And so he walked up and down—vainly the fresh wind fanned his fevered brow—vainly the sparkling stars glanced down from holy heights upon him—*he* found no coolness for his fever in the air, no sedative for his anxiety in the stillness, no comfort for his soul in the heavens—*he* knew not whether he were indoors or out—whether it were night or day, summer or winter—he knew not, wrapped as he was in the mantle of his own sad thoughts, suffering as he was in the purgatory of his inner life.

While Paul walked up and down, like a maniac, Miriam returned to her room to pace the floor until nearly morning, when she threw herself exhausted upon the bed, fell into a heavy sleep, and a third time, doubtless from nervous excitement or prostration, suffered a repetition of her singular vision, and awoke late in the morning, with the words, "Perform thy vow," ringing in her ears.

CHAPTER XLI.

INDICTMENT.

"And yet he seems not overcome,
Although as yet his voice be dumb."

Several days passed in the gloomy mansion misnamed Dell-Delight. Miriam and Paul avoided each other like death. Both dreaded like death any allusion to the awful subject that lay so heavy upon the heart of each. Paul, unacquainted with her thoughts, and relying upon her promise to do nothing with the letters without further evidence, contented himself with watching her motions, feeling comparatively at ease as long as she should remain in the house; and being resolved to prevent her from going forth, or to accompany her if she persisted in leaving home.

With Miriam, the shock, the anguish, the struggle had well-nigh passed; she was at once subdued and resolved, like one into whom some spirit had entered and bound her own spirit, and acted through her. So strange did all appear to her, so strange the imperativeness of her own will, of her habits and affections, that should have rebelled and warred against her purpose, that she sometimes thought herself not herself, or insane, or the subject of a monomania, or some strange hallucination, a dreamer, a somnambulist, perhaps. And yet, with matchless tact and discretion, she went about her deadly work. She had prepared her plan of action, and now waited only for a day very near at hand, the fourth of April, the anniversary of Marian's assassination, to put Thurston to a final test before proceeding further.

The day came at last—it was cold and windy for the season. Towards evening, the sky became overcast with leaden clouds, and the chill dampness penetrated into all the rooms of the old mansion. Poor Fanny was muttering and moaning to herself and her "spirits" over the wood fire in her distant room.

Mr. Willcoxen had not appeared since breakfast time. Miriam remained in her own chamber; and Paul wandered restlessly from place to place through all the rooms of the house, or threw himself wearily into his chair before the parlor fire. Inclement as the weather was, he would have gone forth, but that *he too* remembered the anniversary, and a nameless anxiety connected with Miriam confined him to the house.

In the kitchen, the colored folks gathered around the fire, grumbling at the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and predicting a "powerful" hailstorm, and telling each other that they never "sperienced" such weather this time o' year, 'cept 'twas that spring Ole Marse died—when no wonder, "'siderin' how he lived long o' Sam all his life."

Only old Jenny went in and out from house to kitchen. Old Jenny had enough to do to carry wood to the various fires. She "had never seed it so cold for de season ayther, 'cept 'twas the spring Miss Marian went to Hebben, and not a bit o' wonder de yeth was cole arter *she* war gone—de dear, lovin' heart warm angel; 'deed I wondered how it ever come summer again, an' thought it was right down onsensible in her morning-glories to bloom out jest de same as ever, arter she was gone! An' what minds me to speak o' Miss Marian now, it war jes' seven years this night, since she 'parted dis life," said Jenny, as she stood leaning her head upon the mantle-piece, and toasting her toes at the kitchen fire, previous to carrying another armful of wood into the parlor.

Night and the storm descended together—such a tempest! such a wild outbreaking of the elements! rain and hail, and snow and wind, all warring upon the earth together—the old house shook, the doors and windows rattled, the timbers cracked, the shingles were torn off and whirled aloft—the trees were swayed and snapped; and as the storm increased in violence and roused to fury, the forest beat before its might, and the waves rose and overflowed the low land.

Still old Jenny went in and out from house to kitchen and kitchen to house, carrying wood, water, meat, bread, sauce, sweetmeats, arranging the table for supper, replenishing the fire, lighting the candles, letting down the curtains—and trying to make everything cozy and comfortable for the reassembling of the fireside circle. Poor old Jenny had passed so much of her life in family with "the white folks," that all her sympathies went with *them*—and on the state of *their* spiritual atmosphere depended all her cheerfulness and comfort; and now the cool, distant, sorrowful condition of the members of the little family-circle—"ebry single mudder's son and darter ob 'em, seperambulated off to derself like pris'ners in a jail-house"—as she said—depressed her spirits very much. Jenny's reaction from depression was always querulous. And towards the height of the storm, there was a reaction and she grew very quarrelsome.

"Sam's waysting* roun' in dere," said Jenny, as she thrust her feet into the kitchen fire, before carrying in the urn; "Sam's waystin, I tells you all *good!* all worry quiet dough—no noise, no fallin' out, no 'sputin' nor nothin'—all quiet as de yeth jest afore a debbil ob a storm—no body in de parlor 'cept 'tis Marse Paul, settin' right afore de parlor fire, wid one long leg poked east and toder west, wid the boots on de andirons like a spread eagle! lookin' as glum as if I owed him a year's service, an' nebber so much as a-sayin, 'Jenny, you poor ole debbil, ain't you a-cold?' an' me coming in ebry minnit wid the icicles a-jinglin' 'roun' my linsey-woolsey skurts, like de diamonds on de Wirgin Mary's Sunday gown. But Sam's waystin' now, I tells you all *good*. Lors Gemini, what a storm."

"I 'members of no sich since dat same storm as de debbil come in to fetch ole marse's soul—dis berry night seven year past, an' he carried of him off all in a suddint whiff! jist like a puff of win'. An' no wonder, seein' how he done sole his soul to him for golo."

"And Sam's here ag'in to-night! dunno who he's come arter! but he's *here*, now, I tells you all *good!*" said Jenny, as she took up the urn to carry into the parlor.

When she got there she could scarcely get to the fire, Paul took up the front. His immobility and unconsciousness irritated Jenny beyond silent endurance.

"I tell you all *what*," she said, "I means to 'sign my sitewation! 'deed me! I can't kill myself for dem as wouldn't even care 'nough for me to have a mass said for de 'pose of my soul."

"What do you mean?" asked Paul, angrily, for confinement, solitude, bad weather, and anxiety had combined to make *him* querulous too.

"I means how ef yer doesn't have a kivered way made from de house to do kitchen an' *back ag'in*, I gwine give up waitin' on de table, now mine I tell yer, 'deed me! an' now ef you likes, yer may jes' go an' tell Marse Rooster."

"'Marse Rooster!' will you ever give up that horrid nonsense. Why you old—! Is my brother—is your master a barn-door chicken-cock, that you call him 'Rooster?'" asked the young man, snappishly.

"Well, *Shrooster*, den, ef you wants me to wring my tongue in two. Ef people's 'sponsors in baptism will gib der chillun such heathen names, how do debbil any Christian 'oman gwine to twis' her tongue roun' it? I thanks my 'Vine Marster dat my 'sponsers in baptism named me arter de bressed an' hooly S'int Jane—who has 'stained an' 's'ported me all my days; an' 'ill detect me, dough you do try to break my poor ole heart 'long wid onkindness at my ole ages o' life! But what's de use o' talkin'—Sam's waystin'!" And so saying, Jenny gave the finishing touches to the arrangement of the table, and then seized the bell, and rang it with rather needless vigor and violence, to bring the scattered members of the family together.

They came—slowly and singly—and drew around the table, more like ghosts than living persons—a few remarks upon the storm—and then they sunk into silence—and as soon as the gloomy meal was over, one by one they dropped away from the room—first went poor Fanny, then Mr. Willcoxen, then Miriam.

"Where are you going, Miriam?" asked Paul, as the latter was leaving the room.

"To my chamber."

And before he could farther question, or longer detain her, she pressed his hand and went out. And Paul, with a deep sigh and a strangely foreboding heart, sank back into his seat.

* Waysting

When Miriam reached her bed-room, she carefully closed and locked the door, went to her bureau, opened the top-drawer, and took from it a small oblong mahogany glove-box. She unlocked the latter, and took out a small parcel, which she unwrapped and laid before her upon the bureau.

It was the supplied poniard.

The weapon had come into her possession some time before in the following manner. During the first winter of Paul Douglass's absence from home, Mr. Willcoxen had emancipated several of his slaves and provided means for their emigration to Liberia. They were to sail early in March. Among the number was Melchisedek. A few days previous to their departure, this man had come to the house, and sought the presence of his youthful mistress, when he knew her to be alone in the parlor, and with a good deal of mystery and hesitation had laid before her a dagger which he said he should rather have given to "Master Paul," if the latter had been at home. He had picked it up near the water's edge on the sands the night of Miss Mayfield's death, which "Marster" had taken so to heart, that he was afraid to harrow up his feelings by bringing it to him a second time—but that as it was an article of value, he did not like to take it away with him. And he begged Miss Miriam to take charge of it. And Miriam had taken it, and with surprise, but without the slightest suspicion, had read the name of "Thurston Willcoxen" carved upon its handle. To all her questions, Melchisedek had given evasive answers, or remained obstinately silent—being determined not to betray his master's confidence by revealing his share in the events of that fatal night. Miriam had taken the little instrument, wrapped it carefully in paper, and locked it in her old-fashioned long glove-box. And from that day to this she had not opened it.

Now, however, she had taken it out with a fixed purpose, and she stood and gazed upon it. Presently she took it up, rolled it in the paper, took her lamp, and slowly left her room, and passed along the passages leading to Mr. Willcoxen's library.

The storm howled and raved as she went, and the strong blast driving through the dilapidated window-sashes, nearly extinguished her light before she reached the study door.

She blew out the light and set down the lamp, and rapped at the door, but received no answer. Again and again she rapped, without awaking any response from within.

Then she turned the latch, opened the door and entered. No wonder she had received no answer.

The abstracted man before her seemed dead to every sight and sound around him. He sat before the table in the middle of the room, his elbow on the mahogany; his face bowed upon his hand, his haggard countenance revealing a still, speechless despair as awful as it was profound.

Miriam approached and stood by him, her breath went by his cheek, so near she stood, and yet her presence was unheeded. She stooped to see the object upon which he gazed—the object that now shut out all the world from his sight—it was a long bright tress of golden auburn hair.

"Mr. Willcoxen!"

He did not hear her—how should he hear her low tones, when he heard not the cannonading of the storm that shook the house to its foundation?

"Mr. Willcoxen!" she said once more.

But he moved not a muscle.

"Mr. Willcoxen!" she repeated, laying her hand upon his arm.

He looked up. The expression of haggard despair softened out of his countenance.

"Is it you, my dear?" he said. "What has brought you here, Miriam? Were you afraid of the storm? There is no danger, dear child—it has nearly expended its force, and will soon be over—but sit down."

"Oh, no! it is not the storm that has brought me here, though I scarcely remember a storm so violent at this season of the year,—except one—this night seven years ago—the night that Marian Mayfield was murdered!"

He started—it is true that he had been thinking of the same dread tragedy—but to hear it suddenly mentioned, pierced him like an unexpected sword thrust.

Miriam proceeded—speaking in a strange, level monotone—as if unwilling or afraid to trust her voice far,

"I came this evening to restore a small but costly *article of virtu*, belonging to you, and left in my care sometime ago, by the boy Melchisedek. It is an antique dagger—somewhat rusty and spotted—here it is."

And she laid the poniard down upon the tress of hair before him.

He sprang up as if it had been a viper—his whole frame shook, and the perspiration started from his livid forehead.

Miriam, keeping her eye upon him, took the dagger up.

"It is *very* rusty, and very much streaked," she said. "I wonder what these dark streaks can be? They run along the edge, from the extreme point of the blade, upwards towards the handle—they look to me like the stains of blood—as if a murderer had stabbed his victim with it, and in his haste to escape, had forgotten to wipe the blade, but had left the blood upon it, to curdle and corrode the steel—see! don't it look so to you?" she said, approaching him, and holding the weapon up to his view.

"Girl! girl! what do you mean?" he exclaimed, throwing his hand across his eyes, and hurrying across the room.

Miriam flung down the weapon with a force that made its mettle ring upon the floor, and hastening after him, she stood before him; her dark eyes fixed upon his, streamed with insufferable and consuming fire, that seemed to burn through into his brain. She said,

"I have heard of fiends in the human shape, nay, I have heard of Satan in the guise of an angel of light! Are you such that stand before me now?"

"Miriam, what do you mean?" he asked, in sorrowful astonishment.

"This is what I mean! That the mystery of Marian Mayfield's fate, the secret of your long remorse is no longer hidden! I charge you with the murder of Marian Mayfield," she exclaimed, without once withdrawing that streaming, fiery gaze.

"Miriam, you are mad!"

"Oh! well for me—and better still for you if I *were* mad! But 'I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak the words of truth and soberness.'"

He was tremendously shaken, more by the vivid memories she recalled, than by the astounding charge she made.

"Yes! I said Marian *Mayfield*. I made a slight mistake in the name. I denounce you as the murderer of your wife, Marian Willcoxen!"

"In the name of Heaven, what leads you to imagine such impossible guilt?"

"Good knowledge of the facts—that this month, *eight* years ago, in the little Methodist chapel of the navy yard, in Washington City, you made Marian Mayfield your wife—that this very night seven years since, in just such a storm as this, on the beach below Pine Bluff, you met and murdered Marian Willcoxen! And, moreover, I assure you, that these facts which I tell you now, to-morrow I will lay before a magistrate, together with all the corroborating proof in my possession!"

"And what proof can you have?"

"A gentleman who, unknown and unsuspected, witnessed the private marriage ceremony between yourself and Marian; a packet of French letters, written by yourself from Glasgow, to Marian in St. Mary's, in the Spring of 1823; a note found in the pocket of her dress, appointing the fatal meeting on the beach at which she perished; a witness who can swear to the identity of the hand-writing; two physicians, who will testify to your absence, unaccountable absence, from the death-bed of your grandfather, upon the night of the murder, and also to the agitation and strangeness of your manner when you returned late in the morning. If these circumstances fail to convict you, I have no doubt that other facts will be elicited by the investigations of the trial. I have observed that such is often the case! *My* duty is to lay such evidence as I have before a magistrate, and I shall do it! Then let the ferrets of the law find out the rest of the bloody testimony!"

"And this," said Thurston, gazing in mournful amazement upon her; "this is the child that I have nourished and brought up in my house! She can believe me guilty of such atrocious crime—she can aim at my honor and my life such a deadly blow!"

"Alas! alas! It is my duty! it is my fate! I cannot escape it! I have bound my soul by a fearful oath! I cannot evade it! I shall not survive it! Oh, all the Heaven is black with doom, and all the earth tainted with blood!" cried Miriam, wildly.

"You are insane—poor girl! you are insane," said Thurston, pityingly.

"Would Heaven I were! would Heaven I were! but I am not! I am not! Too well I remember I have bound my soul by an oath to seek out Marian's destroyer, and deliver him up to death! And I must do it! I must do it! though my heart break—as it will break in the act!"

"And you believe me to be guilty of this awful crime!"

"There stands the fearful evidence! Would Heaven it did not exist! oh! would Heaven it did not!"

"Listen to me, dear Miriam," he said calmly, for he had now recovered his self-possession. "Listen to me—I am perfectly guiltless of the crime you impute to me. How is it possible that I could be otherwise than guiltless. Hear me explain the circumstances that have come to your knowledge," and he attempted to take her hand to lead her to a seat. But with a slight scream, she snatched her hand away, saying wildly,

"Touch me not! your touch thrills me to sickness! to faintness! [illegible] the currents of blood in my veins!"

"You think this hand a blood stained one?"

"The evidence! the evidence!"

"I can explain that evidence, Miriam, my child, sit down—at any distance from me you please—only let it be near enough for you to hear. Did I believe you quite sane, Miriam, grief and anger might possibly seal my lips upon this subject—but believing you partially deranged from illness and other causes—I will defend myself to you. Sit down and hear me."

Miriam dropped into the nearest chair.

Mr. Willcoxen took another, and commenced—

"You have received some truth, Miriam. How it has been presented to you, I will not ask now. I may presently. I was married, as you have somehow ascertained, to Marian Mayfield, just before going to Europe. I corresponded with her from Glasgow. I did appoint a meeting with her on the beach, upon the fatal evening in question—for what purpose that meeting was appointed, it is bootless to tell you, since the meeting never took place—for some hours before I should have set out to keep my appointment, my grandfather was stricken with apoplexy. I did not wish to leave his bedside until the arrival of the doctor. But when the evening wore on, and the storm approached, I grew uneasy upon Marian's account, and sent Melchisedek in the gig to fetch her from the beach to this house—never to leave it. Miriam, the boy reached the sands only to find her dying. Terrified half out of his senses, he hurried back and told me this story. I forgot my dying relative—forgot everything, but that my wife lay wounded and exposed on the beach. I sprang upon horseback, and galloped with all possible haste to the spot. By the time I had got there the storm had reached its height, and the beach was completely covered with the boiling waves. My Marian had been carried away. I spent the wretched night in wandering up and down the bluff above the beach, and calling on her name. In the morning I returned home to find my grandfather dead, and the family and physicians wondering at my strange absence at such a time. That, Miriam, is the story."

Miriam made no comment whatever. Mr. Willcoxen seemed surprised and grieved at her silence.

"What have you now to say, Miriam?"

"Nothing."

"'Nothing!'—what do you think of my explanation?"

"It is plausible!"

"Plausible! Can you believe, Miriam, that I could sink so low as to *invent* such a story?"

"If you could have committed the *first* crime that made such an invention expedient—YES!"

"And you think that I have done these things?"

"I think nothing. My mind is in an agony of doubt and conjecture. I must be governed by stern facts—not by my own prepossessions. I must act upon the evidences in my possession—not upon your explanation of them," said Miriam distractedly, as she arose to leave the room.

"And you will denounce me, Miriam?"

"It is my insupportable duty! it is my fate! my doom! for it will kill me!"

"Yet you will do it!"

"I will."

"Yet turn, dear Miriam! Look on me once more! take my hand! since you act from necessity, do nothing from anger—turn and take my hand."

She turned—and stood—such a picture of tearless agony! She met his gentle, compassionate glance—it melted—it subdued her.

"Oh! would Heaven that I might die, rather than do this thing! would Heaven I might die! for my heart turns to you—it turns—and I love you so—oh! I love you so! never, never so much as now! my brother! my brother!" and she sunk down and seized his hands and wept over them.

"What, Miriam! do you love me, believing me to be guilty?"

She cried, forgetting in her wild emotion, that a man, sinful yet repentant, would scarcely have denied his sin, as she had just before believed him to have done, in the explanation that he had given her—

"To *have been* guilty—not to *be* guilty—you have suffered remorse—you have repented, these many long and wretched years. Oh! surely repentance washes out guilt!"

"And you can now caress and weep over my hands, believing them to have been crimsoned with the life-stream of your first and best friend?"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! Oh! would these tears, my very heart sobs forth, might wash them pure again! Yes! yes! whether you be guilty or not, my brother! the more I listen to my heart, the more I love you, and I cannot help it!"

"It is because your heart is so much wiser than your head, dear Miriam! Your heart divines the guiltlessness that your reason refuses to credit! Do what you feel that you must, dear Miriam—but, in the meantime, let us still be brother and sister—embrace me once more."

With anguish bordering on insanity, she threw herself into his arms for a moment—was pressed to his heart, and then breaking away, she escaped from the room to her own chamber. And there, with her half-crazed brain and breaking heart—like one acting or forced to act in a ghastly dream, she began to arrange her evidence—collect the letters—the weapon—the list of witnesses and all, preparatory to setting forth upon her fatal mission in the morning. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Clippings.

☞ "You say, Mr. Jaycocks, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was it in hot haste?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what caused that haste?"

"I'm not quite certain, but I think it was Mr. Stubbs' boots, the gentleman he boards with."

"That will do, Mr. Jaycocks. Crier, call the next witness."

☞ "A King or head of the state was awful and god-like in the eyes of men, while he was the foremost man of his tribe, and carried the laws, genius and features of the tribe. It was so once in this country, when Washington, Adams and Jefferson really embodied the ideas of Americans; but now we put absurd persons into chairs without character or representative force of any kind, and get a figure awful only to office hunters. [Laughter and cheers.]"—*Emerson's Lecture.*

☞ It is told of the Indian Rajah, Jokus Indra, that he had a porter named Dato, who resembled him so much that he put his own royal robes on him, and seated him on his throne, and then took his station at the gate, and laughed to see his courtier bowing before the porter Dato, and obeying him. But the porter said, "who is it that fellow at the gate? Off with his head." They decapitated the Rajah, and the porter, Dato, reigned in his stead. Men cannot see beyond their eyes.—*Emerson.*

☞ That is a true saying of the ancient philosopher, who remarked that stingy men took care of their property as if it were their own, but derived no advantage from it, as if it belonged to other people.

☞ "Father," said a boy, to his paternal protector, a venerable Quaker, "I can lick that chimney sweep."

"That may be all very true, my son; but if thee does, thee will get thy hands blacked in the operation," was the wise counsel of the peaceful Friend. A counsel which every sagacious editor sees frequent occasion to follow.

☞ The Cleveland Herald notices a piece of ice, thirteen inches thick, so clear that it was as easy to read through it as if it were a pane of glass.

☞ "Von do you tink the world will come to an end?" asked a German. "Oh, probably about three months," answered the joker. "Ho, vell; I no cares for dat," exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, "I pe going to Puffalo dis spring."

☞ There are days when everything appears gloomy to us; the world is, like the sky, covered by a dark fog. Nothing seems in its place; we only see misery, improvidence and cruelty; the world seems without God, and given up to all the evils of chance.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says: "Dress does not make the man; but when a man is made, he looks a great deal better dressed up."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.


## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 Copies, - - - - - - | $5,00 | Per Annum. |
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Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WESTWARD HO!—In answer to our Maryland correspondent, we may state that we do not know of any companies forming for emigrating Westward—though we have little doubt there are such organizing.

☞ In reply to our correspondent in Apalachin, we can only say that a person bearing the name mentioned in his letter, did formerly reside in this city, and was supposed to be married.

## THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We design commencing—perhaps next week—an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

### THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By A NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

In addition to the Novelet already given by Grace Greenwood, we are promised two other short Novelets,

### THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

### THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

### NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

### MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet, bearing upon the subject of "SPIRITUALISM," by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

### NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's *exclusive* contributor,

### VIVIA;

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

### THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

As we go to press, we have some idea of commencing this novelet in the next number.

## CUBA.

Private letters by the Empire City, from Havana, from high and reliable American authority there, say that the excitement about the Filibusters, as represented in the United States journals, and especially by their correspondents, is ridiculously exaggerated.

Just as we supposed. The old proverb says that "those who will lie will steal"—and the Filibusters seem to be equally great at lying as stealing; in fact, a little "more so." They are always crying "wolf, wolf," like the bad boy in the fable—and striving to create a great excitement, both in Cuba and the United States. When their "wolf" comes a little to the light, however, he is always found to be a very insignificant, though sufficiently rapacious and unprincipled fox. Do not the Filibusters know, that by their abominable exaggerations and falsehoods they are fast making themselves contemptible, even in the eyes of those unthinking people who are sometimes disposed to sympathize with them a little?

THE OPERA HOUSE.—We are really to have an opera house at last. The work is to be commenced immediately. Its location is to be at the South-West corner of Locust and Broad—size, 238 feet deep, 150 wide, and 70 high. It is to seat 3,750 persons, and have standing room for 450 more. Altogether, it is to be a wonderful affair, combining all the excellencies of all the most celebrated theatres in all Europe.

THE POST-OFFICE.—The Post-Office has been removed from the Exchange to Dr. Jayne's Dock Street Building, opposite. The arrangements at the new building are much superior to those at the old. If the main passage had been made some two or three feet wider, perhaps it would have been all the better—but we are very well satisfied as it is.

## INFLUENCE OF THE GERMANS ON AMERICAN CHARACTER.

New York, it is said, contains over one hundred thousand German immigrants, and Philadelphia has probably, by this time, at least fifty thousand. Cincinnati also numbers an extensive German population, and the same may be said of nearly all the large cities in the more northern section of the United States; while the Wirtemberger and Palatine may be found tilling the soil in almost every eminently agricultural district of Pennsylvania, and the States which lie west of us, and laboring industriously in digging the canal or building the railway, wherever his Irish friends will grant him the privilege. This large influx of the sturdy Teuton, an influx which is steadily increasing in numbers, while it is certainly improving in quality, cannot do otherwise than exert a mighty influence in moulding the character of our fluctuating communities, even in the States of the Atlantic seaboard, for society here as well as in the younger States of the west, is far from having assumed the fixed character which it possesses in European countries.

We do not now propose to moot the question of Native Americanism, nor to discuss the character of our naturalization laws, but we suppose there is no one who seriously contemplates the possibility of *excluding* the immigrants from Europe, who are annually drawn to our shores. As we understand the matter, the utmost that is proposed, is to regulate the political aspects of the question, by extending the period of naturalization, and to refuse to receive those who are criminals or paupers; not to deny the honest and industrious millions of the old world a refuge in the new world from the manifold oppressions of the old.

There is much in history to show that nations of a composite character (we mean those in which the different elements composing them were completely blended together,) have been improved through the process of mingling; witness, for instance the English, the most sturdy and robust race in existence, and the record of whose heterogeneous origin is stamped indelibly upon their language. On this point physiologists generally agree. And we are glad to believe that those senseless national antipathies which have so often in the history of the world, been the source of great evil and suffering, and which constitute the principal objection in the way of this harmonious union of races, is rapidly passing away before the light of civilization and Christianity.

But let us regard for a moment, the peculiar characteristics of the race whose influence we purposed to discuss when we commenced this article. Every one who is at all acquainted with ancient and modern history, is well aware that for purity and excellence of character the Teuton or German has seldom had his equal. But to go no further back than contemporaneous history, we find the Germans occupying a very high rank among their sister nations. Those who are conversant with German literature (the study of which is happily on the increase in this country,) are well aware that with the one exception of the English it stands unrivalled. In the department of philology, and perhaps in some other sciences this exception is unnecessary. And there is certainly no better and more infallible expression of the character of a nation than its literature, especially where that literature is so copious as that of modern Germany. In the field of music, too, the palm of superiority is generally conceded to the Germans, though we are well aware that many claim it for the Italians. But whatever may be said as to the relative merits of the Italian and German styles of musical composition, no one will deny that musical culture is more generally diffused among the middle and lower classes in "the German fatherland," than in any other country in the world; and we can fully sympathize with our friend, who says he regards Germany as "the *heart* of Europe." There is an inexhaustible depth in the German music which we search for in vain elsewhere, and which is a true expression of the best part of the Teutonic character.

And it was precisely this feature which we had most distinctly in view when we penned the caption of this article. We are fully convinced that the German immigrants who have come to the United States within the last twenty years, have done, and are doing, more for the elevation of the standard of musical taste among our people, than any and all other causes combined. A degree of musical cultivation which, until lately, has been regarded among us, as little short of the wonderful, is among the middle classes in Germany, looked upon quite as a matter of course; and no one who has the least perception of harmony, can fail, for a moment, to perceive the immeasurable difference between those exquisite waltzes of Beethoven, Mozart and Weber, and the Songs without Words, of Mendelsohn, on the one hand, and the wretched trash issued without let or hindrance in the United States, under the titles of Marches, Polkas, Galopades and what not, and to be found in quantities in every young lady's musical portfolio.

Everybody complains of the want of amusement among us—a complaint certainly not without foundation, but which is felt more by the foreigner than by the native-born and untravelled citizen. Certainly no amusement can be more humanizing and refining than the study of music, and the higher the order of the compositions we habitually listen to, the more thorough will be our musical development. And if we had no other reason for congratulating the country on the character of the predominant immigration, this would be a sufficient cause for so doing; but it gives us a sincere pleasure to be able to believe that it possesses, in the main, other qualities of a kindred nature, which entitle it equally to our regard as an element in our future welfare and happiness as a people.

While entertaining the views we have here expressed, in a general way, of the character of the German immigrants, we must be permitted to express our regret at the prevalence of the vice of intemperance among many of them, which we regard as the principal cause of those exhibitions which have exercised so strong an influence in prejudicing many Americans against them as a people. But we hope that a growing public sentiment, already setting in in the right direction, will finally act as a corrective in this particular, and that the German, freed from the influence of Lager Beer and Rhenish, will ultimately be regarded as one of the most valuable of our "representative men," and mingle fraternally with his English brother, whom he so closely resembles in all essential characteristics, though he does not seem entirely to have discovered the truth, as yet, and who, though they have been separated for more than a thousand centuries, still preserves the leading traits of the Teutonic family likeness. For it must be remembered that the German is Saxon, as we are Anglo (or *English*) Saxon.

A large proportion of the most substantial citizens of Pennsylvania, particularly, are of German ancestry, and some of our distinguished scientific men, as, for instance, Muhlenburg, one of the earliest of our botanists, have had a like origin; and the perfectly harmonious manner in which the English and German elements have mingled among us, from the beginning, is one of the strongest evidences, not only of their entire compatibility, but of their mutual sympathy.

POOR BARNUM.—Yes, *poor* Barnum—for, rich as he is in this world's goods, he is poor in that which wise men most strive after, including a high reputation and good name. In a recent number of Blackwood's Magazine, there is a scathing notice of his autobiography. The English reviewer says:

"It has inspired us with nothing but sensations of disgust for the frauds which it narrates, anger at its audacity, loathing for its hypocrisy, abhorrence for the moral obliquity which it betrays, and sincere pity for the wretched man who compiled it. He has left nothing for his worst enemy to do; for he has fairly gibbeted himself. No unclean bird of prey, nailed ignominiously to the door of a barn, can present a more humiliating spectacle than Phineas Taylor Barnum, as he appears in his autobiography."

The worst of it is, that the picture of Barnum, drawn by himself, is taken by too many in Europe as a portraiture of the American character in general. And who can wonder at this, when some of the most influential New York papers have devoted long columns to complimentary notices of and extracts from his shameful book.

A BASE CALUMNY.—In a recent article "Doesticks" says: "City girls are such creatures, that no one understanding the nature of the *animal*, would venture on a kiss, unless he wanted to get his mouth full of magnesia and carmine!"

That shows what kind of female company such a vulgar fellow as "Doesticks" has to content himself with in the city. We shall think better of the New York ladies hereafter, seeing they show such a disposition to pick their company. We thought "Doesticks" caught up his coarse flash wit among the "magnesia and carmine."

LITTLE DELAWARE.—A Prohibitory Liquor Law passed the Legislature of Delaware last week. Upon the final vote in the House of Representatives, there was not a dissenting voice. The public sentiment of the State is said to be undeniably in its favor.

## AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

The tone of the leading English papers—headed by the Times—still continues the same. The Aristocracy are daily denounced for their incapability, in the most unmeasured language. If the new Cabinet prove a failure, and the chances are three out of four that it will, the charmed circle of a few great houses will no longer give a Ministry to England. We have not room for the many passages we have extracted from English papers bearing upon this subject. The following from the Times may be taken as a sample of the whole:

Our eyes are open, and we behold that we are naked. We ask for talent sufficient to conduct great affairs to successful conclusions, and instead of talent we are offered titles and pedigrees. We ask for merit, and we are offered in exchange high connexions, or, at best, seniority. The cold shade of aristocracy is over us all, and nothing can grow beneath it except the offshoots of the tree itself. Up to the middle of November this country believed itself to have armies, generals, statesmen, departments, all equal to their several duties, all of the very best the world could afford, and now, in the middle of February, in three short months, all is changed, or rather all is reversed. We have awaked from our dream of hope, prosperity, and success, to disaster and dismay. Our generals have turned out worse than useless, our Ministers something more than incapable, every public department has been crushed into hopeless imbecility by the weight of unbending routine and worthless formalities, and on no one occasion that we are aware of, has the right man been elected to fill the right place.

We have been ready to allow place and patronage to be monopolized by a few great families. We have been content to live in our own country, strangers to our own Government, excluded from the working of our own institutions, but it was only on condition that our national pride should be respected, and our interests and position in the great family of nations remain inviolate. This our aristocracy have failed to secure to us, and therefore the people of England will, we hope, demand, in no spirit of wild and theoretical levelling, in no spirit of hatred or animosity to any portion of the community, but in the spirit of practical reform of an urgent and intolerable grievance, that the system which excludes plebeian talent from high office shall henceforth be discontinued, and that in the army, at the desk, and in the council, those men shall be called to the public service who are best able to serve the public.

And in Parliament, too, the same spirit has found a voice. The London Atlas, which some considerate friend has sent to us, says:

On Thursday the House of Commons began to grumble at the continuance of the un-Cabineted interregnum. Mr. Bentinck could scarcely imagine "a more disastrous state of things." Mr. Whiteside said that "as a foreign army was to be imported, it *might be as well to import a foreign Ministry also.*" Mr. F. Scott said that in the opinion of that House, the chief of the late Cabinet was a "*caput mortuum,*" and that their patience was expended in waiting for the new Ministry. Mr. Muntz characterized the state of things as "injurious and disgraceful," and observed, *amid loud cheers*, "that people were inquiring, and they would soon know, *whether there were not men enough to govern the country as well as it had been governed during the last thirty years, without entering the charmed circle of aristocratic relationships.*" Mr. Malins "could not look upon the present state of things without serious alarm." We call attention to these signs of the times, because they show that others, besides ourselves, feel serious alarm at the condition in which an exclusive system of aristocratic misrule, brought to a climax by Lord Aberdeen, has placed both the country and the crown.

Kossuth prophecies a Revolution. But a revolution, a peaceable one, has been going on for many years—and the incompetency of the aristocracy to manage a great war, will only accelerate it. It will continue to be, we believe and hope, a *peaceable* revolution—the best kind, the most effectual. By the legal action of the House of Commons, forced to the work and sustained by public sentiment, manifested through public meetings and the press, the whole system of aristocratic preferment, the sale of army-commissions, &c., will be put an end to. The aristocracy will not be injured, either in person or property, but will be required to stand aside politically, except so far as they show themselves competent to serve, direct, or command.

In other words, the real aristocracy of talent and capability are preparing to push aside the merely sham aristocracy, who say—see what wonderful men our *fathers* were.

One thing more. It does not become the people of the United States to exult very loudly over the deplorable condition of their English brethren. We question whether incapability has not the upper seats in this Government almost as much as in the British. When obscurity becomes an element of success in politics, the waters are running very muddy indeed. While as to corruption, if the members of the American Congress were to stand alongside of the British Commons, we question which could hold up the dirtier set of hands. And then Britain is in her old age, while we are but in our early prime. It is time, too, in this country, that the men of real ability were pushing aside the old corrupt hacks and the political shams. For our part, we shall not show a respect for them which we do not feel.

## THE COLLINS CONTRACT.

The Senate came up to the corrupt work with an eagerness equal to that shown by the House, and agreed to pay the Collins Line $858,000 a-year for doing what Mr. Vanderbilt had offered to do for half the money! Not only has Congress done this, but it has actually deprived the Government of the right to terminate the contract previous to 1860. Thus two and a-half millions of dollars is given to the Collins Line above the sum asked for the same service by another responsible party, who offered good security for the fulfilment of his pledges.

It is agreed on all hands, that many members of Congress have been bribed into the support of this measure—a large proportion of the two and a-half millions thus going into their own pockets. Even New York papers—heretofore strong advocates of the Collins Line—admit this unhesitatingly—and brand it as most shameful. The wonderful changes of opinion in Congress upon this subject, would alone give great ground for suspicion.

——Since writing the above, the good news has come from Washington, that President Pierce has vetoed this atrocious bill. Certain members of the House made donkeys of themselves, and talked about "revolution," when the veto was announced. "Revolution" indeed! The veto power is a simply negative power, saying not what shall be done, but what shall not be done—and though sometimes improperly used, its exercise in this case will meet the approbation of nine-tenths of the people.

After the veto, a new bill was passed, omitting the abominable clause repealing the power to discontinue the extra allowance upon six months notice. We hope that the Administration will give that notice before another week has elapsed; and that the next Congress will throw open the mail business to free competition. $2,621,000 already has been paid this line, while the receipts from postage on the letters carried by it, amount to only $734,000.

Of the Senators from this State, Cooper voted for the Collins' Contract, and Brodhead against it. We were surprised to see the name of Chandler, of Philadelphia, among the votes in the affirmative. It is only fair to mention that the great body of the opposition to this iniquitous measure came from the Southern States.

THE LAST NONSENSE.—It really turns out to be true, that a number of the members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, including the Speaker of the House, have written a letter to a certain George Law—or *Lawless*, of old musket and Filibuster notoriety—residing in New York city, asking his opinion of matters and things in general, in view of his *nomination for the Presidency*. George, in reply, styles their letter a "*very important*" one—doubtless he feels it to be such—and proceeds to enlighten his sapient questioners upon the political affairs of the country, from the "first gun of the revolution down to the present day" *of popguns*. George admits he was "*startled*" by receiving such a communication—and we do not wonder at it, if he has the least particle of modesty left in his bones. People generally will be also "startled" by it into a loud guffaw. George Law for the Presidency—that is a capital joke, and "nothing else."

THE NEW POLICE HAT.—Mayor Conrad deserves credit for his firm course in this matter. There is a stinking pride in some men, which they dignify with the title of republicanism, which scorns the proprieties and just duties of a subordinate position. A police without the badges of a police, are like an army of soldiers without uniforms. Both policemen and soldiers may properly complain if they are forced to array themselves in tinsel and embroidery—but some distinguishing uniform, of a character not to be easily hidden, is absolutely necessary for the efficiency of both. Mayor Conrad, by resolving to wear the police hat himself, has acted like a sensible and high-minded Mayor. As we have censured him a little in times past, we feel bound to give him his meed of praise, now that it is his rightful due. As to those gentlemen who have resigned, all we have to say is, that the police force is well rid of its "proud flesh."

## HASTE.

An English reviewer says:—"Immanuel Kant proved to his countrymen that Time did not exist—was a fiction—an idea; and from that time the Germans have ignored the existence of time. Hence their immeasurableness in all things: their long books, long dinners, long pipes, long hair, long ballads, long speeches, long-winded orations, [illegible]. Their slow coaches, slow movements, and slow conversations! Why should they hurry? Tempus edax rerum? A figment! Even those who recognize Time only think of killing it."

The foregoing extract which we find going the rounds of the newspapers, and which from its bearing upon a leading editorial of ours this week, we feel compelled to notice—is undoubtedly a passable specimen of the humorous style; it is more humorous, indeed, than philosophical, but it chimes in so admirably with our national preconceptions that many will be disposed to receive its philosophy without question. The fact is we do every thing too fast in this country, of which truth a thousand evidences present themselves to every observing person.

We build too fast, hence it is that our houses frequently lack substantialness to a most inconvenient and dangerous degree. We construct railways and canals too fast, and the consequence is that they have to be built over again occasionally, to say nothing of the risk of life and property attendant upon such hasty and imperfect construction. We hurry on too fast by railway and steamboat, and the result is, not unfrequently, one of those "horrid catastrophes" which have rendered us the wonder of all Europe. We eat too fast, bolting our food both in public and private, in a style which is the undisguised astonishment of every foreign traveller, and the fruitful source of a vast deal of indigestion, nightmare and low spirits not generally accounted for by a reference to this cause. We heap up wealth too fast, (we fancy we hear a demurrer there,) and, as a consequence fall into a habit of living too fast, which, in its turn, brings us down again entirely too fast to the humble condition we started from—here we fancy we hear indications of adhesion. We teach too fast, as is well known by many unfortunate teachers and pupils who are forced by a "fast" public opinion into the pernicious habit of "cramming" and being crammed respectively; and our young gentlemen and young ladies are entirely too fast, as will be feelingly acknowledged by all well-bred and orderly people who are in the habit of frequenting watering-places and other fashionable resorts; and finally, the children are yielding to the general tendency, and becoming so extremely fast that it is difficult for people of a sober gait to keep up with them.

We are quite serious in the matter; we regard the national haste—and it is difficult, if not well-nigh impossible for the individual to resist the general current—as seriously prejudicial to the common good. "The more haste the less speed" is an old proverb, and it embodies, as do most ancient sayings, a valuable truth. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is another "wise saw," of a piece with it, and which is altogether incompatible with that haste which looks rather to the amount of ground travelled over, than to the advantage attained in so doing. Doubtless the Germans, as well as some other European nations, suffer to a certain extent, from a want of energy, a quality which is very much restrained by the Governments, civil and hierarchical, by which they are oppressed, but we are decidedly of the opinion that a little more of the Teutonic phlegm would add to the elements of our genuine progress, as it would certainly increase our pleasure and comfort.

## AGRICULTURE IN DANGER.

We see by the report of the proceedings of the National Agricultural Society, that after a "*protracted* debate, resolutions were passed calling on the Agriculturists of the *whole country* to meet in Washington, in February next, to determine what legislation is *necessary for their preservation.*"

Considering the high prices obtained for all kinds of produce within the last few years, and that the above resolutions were adopted at a "*protracted*" meeting, it appears hardly likely that it is the *material* interests of the agricultural community which are considered in danger. More probably the consciences of the farmers are beginning to upbraid them for asking such high prices for the "staff of life," and they are determined to apply to Congress to pass a law declaring that one dollar and a quarter a bushel for wheat is the very highest price that shall in future be taken. Well, if the farmers *will* have it so, probably the people of the cities, towns and villages will by no means object.

By the way, what a jolly time they will have in Washington, if the agriculturists of the "*whole country*" assemble there in mass meeting next February.

But, seriously, did not the Agricultural Society rather run the matter *into the ground*—and with a subsoil plough, too—when they talked about the "*preservation*" of the agricultural community?

## MR. SOULE.

Our Ex-Minister to Spain, has returned to the United States. He says that the acquisition of Cuba by diplomacy, is out of the question. Of course, he is "down" upon the Administration for not seconding him in all his hare-brained schemes. Everybody thought when Mr. Soule was appointed Minister, that it was a foolish selection—and everybody, including the Administration, it seems, was soon fully satisfied that such was the case. We advise Mr. Soule to imitate the example of Mr. Borland, of Arkansas, and return to the practice of his profession. "He has been tried," in public life, "and found wanting." He is not made of the same elements as the American people, does not sympathize with or understand them, and cannot represent them to their satisfaction. He cannot perceive the difference between the foam and froth on the heaving ocean of American mind, and the ocean itself. That ocean is not all froth and foam—even when most agitated—as many a fancy politician finds out to his cost.

THE FIRST TRAIN.—The railroad across the Isthmus, from Aspinwall to Panama, was opened on the 28th of January. The transit trip can now be made in from five to six hours—and it is supposed it will shortly be regularly made in four hours. One of the Panama papers chronicles the surprise of the native population when the first train rolled in. It says:—

"On the arrival of the train near Panama, it was met by a large proportion of the native population, who were anxious to behold the fire-eating steed with his train of carriages. On the approach of the train, they seemed stupefied with amazement; but when the engineer opened his steam whistle, their wonder was changed to fear—and some of the women and children were so entirely bewildered and horrified that they started for the woods, screaming at every jump. The impression upon the entire population, on the appearance of the train at the city, was of the most exciting character, and after the first paroxysm of wonder was over, the people crowded about the train so close as scarcely to leave room for it to move upon the track."

The New York Tribune is indignant that the press was not toasted at the celebration of the opening of the road. It thinks that an editor who was present should have rebuked the omission—and then proceeds itself to give a long, eulogistic, and doubtless *gratis* account of the whole affair. When the dead-head system was abolished on the railroads, it should have been in the newspapers.

A PUZZLE.—The "Woman's Advocate" has set the following puzzle afloat:

> I'm an article valued in honor and sport;
> I'm the nation of fools, and the soldier's support,
> I'm a cipher in love, but the joy of the poor,
> I'm the token of hope, the life buoy of the winner;
> I give nerve to the ploughman, and strength to the mower;
> Yet I'm always most used in monop[illegible] power;
> In the shops of the brokers, and all wholesale stores,
> I'm told out and counted by ones, twos and fours.
> I reward worthy mothers, and brothers and sons,
> Yet I'm treated with scorn by good Friars and Nuns.
> I'm an alien to England—belong to the South,
> Yet all the world owns me, and almost every mouth
> Proclaims me the only, most absolute worth.
> Yet I'm given to outrage, to folly and wrong,
> Though I'm ever devoted to love, joy and song!
> So thinking, though a whole ton of book-learning and thought
> On this simple question, would avail thee but nought;
> And oh, gentle reader, remember thy right,
> If you really decipher this riddle aright.

Many have guessed the letter o—but this is said not to be the answer. We will hazard a guess, The Almighty Dollar. If that will not do the most things with the least trouble, our experience is at fault.

A MISTAKE OF THE PRINTER, PERHAPS.—The Madrid Gazette of February 5th, after being served at the houses of subscribers, was regularly gathered up again. In an answer to an official circular from the Governor of Alicante, published in the Gazette, the following passage should have occurred:

"Sad it is, indeed, most excellent sir, that any should attempt to sully with the loathsome breath of anarchy the flattering perspective offered by the national rising of July."

But in setting up the above paragraph, some careless or perhaps republican printer, substituted the word "monarchy" for "anarchy," and put *habits* (robes) for *halito* (breath); and thus it read, "sully with the loathsome *robes of monarchy* the flattering perspective," &c.

## ADJOURNED.

Congress has adjourned. It was a mean Congress, taking it all in all—and may we never "look upon its like again!" The following bills, among others, were passed at its last session, ending at twelve o'clock, Sunday noon:

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, the Naval Appropriation Bill, the Army Appropriation Bill, the Fortification Bill, the bill requiring Pre-payment of Postage, the Indian Appropriation Bill, the bill to carry into effect the Convention to Settle Claims Between the United States and England, and a number of others which it is impossible to enumerate in the confused account of the proceedings. The Bounty Land Bill, giving 160 acres to all who served in any war since 1790, has received the President's signature. This bill entitles all who have already received land warrants for 40 and 80 acres, to recover, the first 120 and the second 80 acres additional. A large amount of clerical force will be required in the Land Office to attend to these claims, and it will probably be months, if not years, before the claimants can receive their warrants, for they must be examined, and the proofs established satisfactorily, before the warrant is granted.

The last named is called the "Old Soldiers' Bill"—and we are inclined to consider it a regular *old soldier* operation. We believe, however, that the original dimensions of the great were reduced somewhat before its passage. It will probably aid the old *soldiers* one dollar where it aids old *speculators* three.

It is made a matter of special congratulation by the telegraphic reporters in Washington, that there were no rows or fights during the last hours of the session on Sunday morning. "The smallest favors thankfully received."

MRS. SOUTHWORTH.—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the last number of Frank Leslie's Lady's Gazette—which periodical she edits, by-the-way—thus speaks of the merits of Mrs. Southworth:—

Our opinion of Mrs. Southworth as an author, has been too often and too heartily rendered for any necessity of a repetition here. For brilliancy of imagination, energy of feeling, and rapid picture drawing, we hold her among the foremost authors, male or female, in America. Her very faults would pass for beauties in less luxurious minds. She cannot be compared with the usual run of female writers, with what little talent they possess educated into them; for though we have battalions of talented writers, women of real genius are rare as ever, and will remain so. The really God-gifted rise among the merely talented and clever, like palm trees in the east, sometimes in clusters, sometimes alone, but always distinguished for stateliness and beauty. We have plenty of undergrowth in our American literature, but few palm trees. Mrs. Southworth is a palm tree, with a constant increase of strength and foliage.

Coming from one who has herself achieved such a high reputation as a writer of fiction, this is praise indeed.

OFF WITH HIS—PETTICOATS.—The N. Y. Tribune says that "Helen Dhu," the professed author of a work recently published, is really Mr. C. Edwards Lester, formerly U. S. Consul at Genoa.

If a man be caught promenading the streets in female apparel, the law properly apprehends and punishes him; and if C. Edwards Lester is thus promenading the walks of literature under the disguise of petticoats and a female name, he in the same way should be apprehended and made an example of by the literary police. We should think any respectable literary gentleman would be ashamed to pass off his productions as being written by a woman. It is an offence against common decency. Speak out, Mr. Lester—guilty or not guilty?

CAMERON DEFEATED.—The voice of the people, without distinction of party, proved sufficient to defeat the election of Cameron to the U. S. Senate. Perhaps it was just as well that the whole matter was passed over to the next legislature. We do hope that, whoever is elected, he will be both an able and an honest man. When has Pennsylvania had such a representative in the Senate? Not for many, many years. She is like Issachar, a strong ass, generally bowed down between two burdens—political incompetency and political treachery. Oh, that for once we might have a MAN, to assert our principles, our rights, and our power, fearless of personal or political consequences.

POLAND.—The following looks a little as if the "good times" for Europe were indeed "coming:"

A requisition has been presented to the Mayor of Bath, England, requesting him to convene a public meeting to take into consideration the necessity of the restoration of the kingdom of Poland, as an independent state, in order to restrain the aggressive action of Russia on Europe and to obtain a material guarantee for the durability of peace. Among the signatures to the requisition is that of "Walter Savage Landor." The Mayor had fixed upon a day for holding the meeting.

SPECIE.—On the 1st of January, 1855, there was about twelve millions of dollars more in the Bank of France than on the same day, one year previous.

# New Publications.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. By HENRY REED. Philadelphia: Parry & M'Millan. 1855.

We can sincerely recommend this volume to the student of literature, feeling assured that every reader will derive from it both pleasure and improvement. Professor Reed has displayed in these lectures an admirable critical acumen, and in perusing them, one feels that regret at his untimely loss partakes quite as much of a selfish as of a generous nature. The labors of such a man in elevating the literary and moral standard of the community are invaluable. Mere entertainment, (unfortunately the sole object of a large class of readers,) is rendered subservient to moral purposes throughout the work, without detracting in the least from its literary excellence. Witness the following passage from the very judicious chapter on "Wit and Humor," an extract which will give the reader a key to the general scope of the work:

Our English literature of wit and humor gives abundant proof that these faculties may be either a precious or a perilous possession; precious, as ministering to thoughtful cheerfulness, and serving the cause of truth and gentleness; perilous, as coupled with intellectual pride and malevolent passions. I have spoken of the repulsive character of the wit of Dean Swift—still, if unattractive, there was something in his stern hatred of vice and folly, which commands respect; but when you turn to such as Lord Byron's (as in Don Juan,) there is disease without a particle of the dignity of disease; there is lawless force of mind owing no restraint of reverence for aught human or divine—sustained by no self-respect, by no confidence in virtue—womanly, even less than manly. Thus wit sinks down into barren scoffing. It is the lowest moral condition when crime clothes itself with jest. Salutary as the culture of the faculties of wit and humor may be, when justly proportioned and controlled, the indulgence of them as a habit is as injurious to him who so indulges it, as it is wearisome to all who encounter it. The habit of always looking at things on the laughable side is sure to lower the tone of thought and feeling, and at length can only content its restless craving by attributing the ridiculous to things which ought to be inviolate by such association.

The volume is edited by the brother of the author, Mr. William B. Reed, of this city, and is very appropriately dedicated to his "widowed sister." Mr. Reed, in his preface, announces his intention to publish a series of "Lectures on Modern History," and "Lectures on the History of England, as illustrated by Shakspeare's Historical Dramas," left in manuscript by his brother, provided the present work should meet with a favorable reception, which we cannot doubt. It is embellished with a very well engraved portrait of the author.

DANCING IN THE DARK. A Tale of Intrigue and Priestcraft. By ISAAC KELSO. Tenth Edition. Published by H. M. Rulison. Cincinnati.

We have not had time to read this work, but judge it is rather opposed to Roman Catholicism, from an engraving representing a somewhat sanguinary looking individual, intended for the Pope, treading under foot the star-spangled banner and the American eagle, and dashing the Constitution of the United States to the earth. *See Advertisement.*

PAUL AND JULIA; or the Political Mysteries, Hypocrisy and Cruelty of the Leaders of the Church of Rome. By JOHN CLAUDIUS PITRAT, of the University of France, Ex-Editor of "La Presse du Peuple" in Paris; author of the "Jesuits Unveiled," and formerly a Roman Catholic Priest. Boston: E. W. Hicks & Co. 1855.

A. Winch, 116 Chesnut street, has sent us a copy of this work, which we have not read, and can therefore give no opinion of its merits.

MORNINGS WITH JESUS. By REV. WILLIAM JAY. Philadelphia: Parry & M'Millan.

This volume consists of a series of devotional readings, "taken in short-hand," from the oral sermons of the Rev. Mr. Jay, and will doubtless be found to contain much earnest thought and excellent precept. The name of the author will be a passport everywhere.

Henry S. Getz has sent us Blackwood, for February, containing an admirable article on Barnum's disgusting book, entitled "Revelations of a Showman." Also Harper's Magazine for March.

A. S. Roberts, No. 9, Arcade, has the American Monthly Magazine for March, containing a portrait of Gen. Sam. Houston.

Lindsay & Blakiston have laid upon our table the Medical Examiner for March.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. By Miss JANE AUSTEN. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We are glad to learn that Miss Austen's works are to be given to the American public in a uniform edition, of which the volume before us is the first issue. These novels have long enjoyed a high popularity on the other side of the Atlantic, which they cannot fail of attaining here in proportion as they are generally known. There is a healthy tone pervading Miss Austen's works which must commend them to every reader of judgment, combining, as they do, strong common sense, and a perfectly sound morality, with rare dramatic power. We predict for them entire success.

NORTH AND SOUTH. By Mrs. GASKELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. For sale by T. B. Peterson, also by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This story, which was originally published in chapters in Dickens' Household Words, is now collected and republished in the cheap style. It contrasts the Northern and Southern portions of England. Those who have read it, speak quite highly of its merit.

THE BARONET'S BRIDE. By SAMUEL PHILLIPS. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Another tale in the cheap style, purporting to be taken from Blackwood's Magazine. Mr. Peterson has for sale also, The Heiress of Bellefonte, and Waldo Warren—a reprint of two stories, by Emerson Bennett.

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By JAMES HANNAY. New York: Redfield. 1855. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Judging from a chapter or two, a very readable book, abounding in excellent criticism of the various satirists and humorists, from Horace down to Hood.

CASAS DE ESPAÑA; OR, Going to Madrid via Barcelona. New York: Redfield. 1855. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This book, we should judge to have been written by some very susceptible young gentleman, whose fate was, for a time, cast in the congenial country of Spain, which he doubtless found quite a delightful place of residence. There is a free and easy tone about the volume which certainly savors little of the Puritanic, and which we do not think at all calculated to elevate the moral standard of the community.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The March number is embellished with a portrait of Washington, from the picture by Gilbert Stuart, in a style which we particularly admire. The literary contents are, Rambles in Switzerland—illustrated with eleven engravings—"Kit," by Caroline Chesebro'; "Aspen Court," by Shirley Brooks; "John At-Ching," by H. B. Dorrance, M. D.; "A Legend of Despair," by Frederick Tennyson; "The Concert Singer," by Mrs. Denison; the conclusion of Headley's Biography of Washington; an article on Fashion, for the ladies, with numerous cuts, &c. From the Editor's Table we take the following:

TO SECURE PRISONERS OF WAR.—Among all the plans which have been devised for securing prisoners of war, we have certainly never met with one combining more perfectly the two very desirable qualities of simplicity and efficiency, than that which was suggested in an order from General McDougall, through his aid-de-camp, to Colonel Burr, in 1776. We have felt somewhat disinclined to publish it, however, lest the Emperor of Russia should determine to adopt it with reference to the Turks, whose wide trowsers, and aversion to suspenders, would offer particular inducements to its application:

"If you have a number of prisoners at any time to send up, let them be fastened right and left hands, and the guard cut the string of their breeches, and there will be no danger of their making their escape, as they will be obliged to hold them up continually with one hand."

# Clippings.

☞ PIETY AND NEW CLOTHES.—New clothes make some people very pious. For a whole month after a certain Miss obtained a new mantilla, she appeared in church three times a Sunday.

☞ FRENCH SATIRE.—Le Charivari contains a spirited engraving this week, representing Nicholas as a member of the Peace Society, offering his Vienna propositions for peace. He wears the coat and slouched hat of a Quaker, and from under the coat, in all directions, may be seen emerging more than thirty muzzles of Colt's revolvers. This is Charivari's opinion in crayon of the Emperor Nicholas' peace intentions.

☞ "HAVE WE ANY JOHN WILKESES AMONG US?"—It is related that one evening, when the House of Commons were going to adjourn, John Wilkes begged permission to make a speech—"For," said he, "I have sent a copy to the Public Advertiser, and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered."

☞ PRETTY FAIR.—The New York Mirror suggests an identity between a Christian missionary and a pig on the spit. Both of them, it says, are always "going round, *doing good!*"

☞ ETYMOLOGICAL.—The word beaver, in the sense of a covering for the head, is not derived, as most people imagine, from the animal of the same name, the fur of which is used in the manufacture of modern hats. Beaver is derived from the Italian word *bevere*, to drink, and the appellation had its origin in the practice followed by the knights formerly, of converting the helmet into a drinking vessel, when more suitable cups were not at hand. Our English word *beverage* comes from the same Italian root.

☞ A MODERN MEGATHERIUM.—The Megatherium was a great sloth that used to eat trees. A London alderman remarked that he was himself likewise uncommon fond of an 'ash.

☞ RIGHT AFTER ALL.—An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving and finding the room empty: "So I am first after all." The waiter informed him that he was mistaken—that his friends had been there and gone. "Very well," replied the Hibernian, "then I have made no mistake, for, as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying that I was the first *after all.*"

☞ Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look through.

☞ ARTLESS CANDOR.—A gentleman inquired of a carpenter's boy: "My lad, when will this job your master has now on hand be completed?"

"I can't tell, sir," said the honest boy, artlessly; "it's a *day job*, and it will depend upon how soon the old man has another order."

☞ We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder.

☞ Madame de Stael says the French never know when to stop; they *go through liberty*.

☞ The Irishman in New York, who replied to the questions of the Excise Commissioners, "Ah, sure it isn't much moral character a man needs to sell rum," told volumes of truth.

☞ A VERY COMMON CASE.—"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion—"My profession is much better than my practice."

☞ OLD BULLION.—A Washington letter writer, alluding to the old man's chagrin at the defeat of the Pacific Railroad project, thus reports him:—"The Pacific Railroad, sir, is defunct, [from *defungor*, to get rid of,] yes, sir, defunct, in the abstract! Congress has killed it, sir—killed it! They are the most stultified body in the world, sir—yes, sir, [from *stultus*, a fool, sir!] If I had my way with them, sir, I would expunge their names from the rolls of the House, [from *expungo*, to blot out,] yes, sir, every mother's son of them, sir."

☞ The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit him alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which this lighthouse is built.

☞ "My dear," said an Irish gentleman to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise if they'd only be quiet."

☞ We are not accustomed to boast, but cannot help mentioning that our popularity is becoming so great, that our autograph was solicited, the other day, and that, contrary to the usual feeling on this subject, we gave it with great pleasure. We presume it is not necessary to say that we wrote it at the bottom of a receipt!

☞ A WIT'S EPITAPH ON RICHELIEU.—Benserade, the Court poet, wrote the following Epitaph on the great Cardinal:

> "Here lies, his life and labors through,
> The far-famed Cardinal Richelieu;
> But what calls forth my tears and sighs,
> Is that my pension with him dies."

☞ Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you; for censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.—*Epictetus.*

☞ The cheapest kind of a horse is a saw-horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel. Besides, it isn't dangerous to children and the ladies.

# General News.

## NEWS ITEMS.

A PRETTY NAME.—The fourth party of emigrants from New England, have laid out a city a long way up the Kansas river, and call it Wampomsa, which, in Indian, means the "dawn of day."

LOW STAGE OF WATER.—The pilots on the Lower Mississippi say they never saw the river in such a bad state as at present. It is almost impossible to run clear of bars and snags, as the channel is running out very fast, and old buried snags, rocks and bars, not down in their nautical vocabularies, are continually getting nearer the surface of the water and coming into view.

RESIGNATION NOT ACCEPTED.—Lieut. Col. John C. Boyd has resigned his commission in the Massachusetts Militia, assigning, as a reason, his length of service, and his "foreign extraction." The Governor has declined to accept the resignation. He says that had the length of service been the only reason given, he should have granted a discharge, with regret at parting with so valuable an officer; but he does not recognize "foreign extraction" as a valid reason.

AN INSINUATION.—A late number of an Indiana paper announced the destruction of the editor's hat; whereupon a neighboring journal expresses the hope that there were not many lives lost.

General W. S. Harney, it is reported, has been selected to command the military expedition against the Sioux Indians during the coming season.

CANADIAN LIBERALITY.—A brilliant ball was given at Congress Hall, in Hamilton, Canada West, on the 22nd ult., to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the "virtuous and patriotic George Washington."

NARROW ESCAPE.—The steamer Arabia, Capt Judkins, was discovered to be on fire at Balaklava, Jan. 21st. It was extinguished without damage, fortunately, for the steamer Star of the South, lying alongside, had 1,000 tons of gunpowder on board.

A GOOD IDEA.—Gov. Medill, of Ohio, has made it a rule, in pardoning convicts, to publish his reasons therefor, together with the substance of the recommendations of the prosecuting attorney and judges, when those officers join in urging the pardon.

COSTLY WORSHIP.—Church going has become a very expensive matter in San Francisco. At a sale of pews, several sold as high as twelve hundred dollars, equivalent to about $23 per Sunday.

A YOUTHFUL MURDERER.—In Russia, Herkimer county, N. Y., two boys, 12 or 14 years old, had a quarrel, when one went into the house, and asked his mother to hand him a pistol from a shelf, which she did, and he shot the other boy through the head, killing him instantly.

A keeper of a lager beer establishment in New York evades the Sunday law by holding pretended religious services therein, officiating himself as the leader of ceremonies. He takes the Bible, reads a chapter or two, serves each of his hearers with a glass of beer, and takes *up a collection!*

A RARE BIRD.—A specimen of the red-throated loon, a rare bird in Vermont, was captured under the ice in a brook in Montpelier, a short time since, and forwarded to Prof. Thompson, of Burlington, a celebrated Zoologist, who says that but one specimen had ever been seen in that State before.

YANKEE SALMON.—A pair of salmon, caught in the Penobscot, week before last, were offered for sale at Bangor, Maine, for the moderate sum of $80. They weighed about 16 lbs each, which, at the price asked, would be $2.50 per lb.

QUARANTINE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The city of Natchez has sent a deputation to urge before the Legislature of Louisiana, now in session, the importance of establishing a Quarantine at the Balize, in order to test the question as to whether or not the valley of the Mississippi may not be protected from that terrible and appalling scourge, the *yellow fever*, which has proved so disastrous to the lives and interests of that section. The New Orleans Bulletin thinks similar movements may be made in other towns and villages on the Mississippi, within the range of the yellow fever.

A GOLDEN WARBLER.—Kate Hays is said to have cleared seven thousand pounds sterling by her concerts in Australia. Her notes must be equal to bank notes.

The Havana *Prensa*, speaking of an English war steamer which has left the harbor with Spanish troops on board, says "she bore at her masthead, unfurled to the wind, and proudly and affectionately entwining each other, the banners of Spain and England—a union highly significant of the actual circumstances."

NEW YORK, March 3.—The jury in the case of Fletcher (publisher of an unauthorized [illegible] of Dr. Judson,) vs. Norton, for a libel, yesterday returned a verdict for the defendant. They were only absent from the court five minutes.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on the [illegible] inst., with 200 passengers, and $650,000.

The Star of the West touched at Key West on the 27th ult. The Spanish Consul at Key West has issued a proclamation, by order of the Captain General of Cuba, declaring the whole coast of the Island in a state of blockade, and also stating that all vessels bound to any port on the Island, or found cruising about the coast, should be searched by the Spanish vessels of war.

The U. S. steamer San Jacinto was to leave San Jacinto for Havana on the 28th.

The mining prospects in California had improved, in consequence of the recent rains.

Sixty-five dead bodies had been recovered from the wreck of the steamboat Pearl, at Sacramento. There were still twenty persons missing. The boat has been raised, and was being repaired.

Business at San Francisco was slightly better. Most provisions were looking up in price. Mess Pork, $17; Clear Pork, $20a21. Hams in Brine, 19 cents; Hams, dry salted, 17 cents. Lard, Flour, and Grain are dull; Crushed Sugar, 20 cts., firm.

Robberies, murders, and executions under Lynch Law, continue.

The Nicaraguan steamer Uncle Sam arrived at San Francisco on the 3rd ult., with New York dates to the 30th January.

Forty-four ballots had been had in the State Legislature for a U. S. Senator, without a choice.

A meeting of native Californians was held on the 7th to take measures for a wholesale emigration to Sonora, to escape the heavy taxes and oppressions under which they labor.

The Kern river mines have proved very extensive. The yield of gold is fair, and the sands are flocking thither.

AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE.—The Western Railroad Record contains an extended statistical article on the American grape culture, and from the facts it has gathered, expresses the opinion that while the vine remains as it is, in the region of Cincinnati, unaffected by the great increase of insects, parasites, or other causes of blight, the grape may here be cultivated at a large profit, even when the wine is reduced to 50 cts. per gallon. But, such is the demand for pure Catawba Wine, and such is the consumption of wine in the country, that it is safe to say that, in full thirty years to come, wine cannot be reduced to 50 cts. a gallon, and all that time, the good cultivators must realize heavy profits. The Record thinks that there must be five millions of acres planted in vines in the United States before the price can be reduced to a minimum in the United States! This fact is enough to insure cultivators against any hazard of an overstocked market. There will probably be 600,000 gallons of Catawba Wine raised in the Ohio Valley, in 1855; but this is nothing to the demand. If it were doubled (which can be,) every year for five years to come, the market would not be overstocked.

A COTTAGE ON RUNNERS—TRAVELLING WEST.—Last Saturday our attention was attracted to rather a strange looking vehicle in this part of Wisconsin in 1855, where railroads are about to intersect each other. Quite a sized house was observed to be slowly moving through our streets, drawn by four pair of heavy, stout oxen. It was, in fact, a pioneer dwelling, with its furniture and group of inmates, on a journey to some new place of residence—in some secluded wildwood, miles away from any other human habitation. A [illegible] chimney rose above the roof, out of which a volume of smoke was rolling. The interior was divided into rooms. Around the fire half-a-dozen young heads were crowding, for it was pretty cold, while the wife was discharging her domestic duties, apparently engaged in getting dinner. The sturdy and adventurous head of this emigrant establishment was attending to the out-door business, walking by the side his patient cattle and urging them forward as fast as possible, seemingly apprehensive that the sleighing might fail before he reached his destination.—*Watertown (Wisconsin) Democrat, Feb. 15.*

A HOPEFUL LESSON.—The Governor and Council visited the State Alms-House, at Bridgewater, last week, and among the exercises was the following exquisite and feeling speech from one of their number:—

"Boys! I want you all to look at me. Look directly at me, for I am going to say something to you. How many of you would like to be *members of the Governor's Council?* Now, you will only do what is right, at all times, and never steal, nor lie, nor swear, you may be some day rise to eminent stations. I was once a poor boy myself, but I always calculated to do what was right. I never would steal, and lie, or use bad language. I was an apprentice in my youth, but have now become *one of the Governor's Council!* Now, boys, never let me hear of your doing anything wrong. Always do what is right; never cheat, or steal, or lie, or swear, and you may become a *great man!*"—*Lowell Courier.*

ATTRACTIONS OF RED HAIR.—In ancient times, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though the color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermilion. The women of Scinde and Deccan are fond of dyeing their hair red and yellow, as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair. There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain, red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed in consequence by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**PHILADELPHIA:**

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.


# Congressional News

## THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

### SENATE.

On the 26th, nearly the whole session of the Senate was occupied in the presentation to Congress of Gen. Jackson's sword, with the various speeches thereupon.

The discussion of the Naval Reform Bill was then resumed, which, after discussion, was passed. The Senate concurring in the amendments of the House.

The bill altering the time of holding the United States Courts in Tennessee, was considered and passed. The Post Office Appropriation Bill was then taken up, discussed and passed, by a large vote.

The First Comptroller of the Treasury is directed by an amendment to the above bill to investigate the claims of Messrs. Mattler, and their associates, and award them such sum as in equity and justice seem to be demanded.

The Senate then adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Rusk called up the House Bill to reduce and modify the rates of postage. One provision of the bill requires the pre-payment of letters always by stamps, after the 1st of January, 1856. Another provides for the registration of money and other letters of value, as recommended in the annual report of the Postmaster-General.

The bill was considered and passed.

The Mail Steamship Appropriation Bill was discussed at some length, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, the bill from the House of Representatives to amend the act approved August 30th, 1852, entitled "An act to reduce and define the boundaries of the military reserve at St. Peter's river, Territory of Minnesota," was passed.

The bill to provide a more efficient discipline for the Navy was passed.

The Senate then again resumed the consideration of the Ocean Mail Steamer Appropriation Bill, which passed finally. Yeas 26, nays 21.

The effect of this bill is to continue the trans-Atlantic mails to the Collins line till April 1859, at $33,000 the round trip—the Senate concurring with the House in relinquishing the right of Congress to terminate the contract by the six months' notice previously incorporated in the bills making appropriations hereto. Adjourned.

On the 29th, certain resolutions were passed recommending that in our treaties with other nations, hereafter, we should secure to our citizens in foreign lands the right to worship and bury their dead according to the dictates of conscience, and in accordance with their peculiar predilections.

In the evening session, the Senate took up Mr. Seward's resolution to pay members prevented from attending by sickness in their families, which was passed.

Then ensued a long debate on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, during which Mr. Clayton took occasion to declare that the "American Party" "ignore the whole question of slavery" and delivered himself as follows:—

"To Mr. Rusk—You'll find out within the next fourteen months whether the American Party is outside of Delaware. [To Mr. Mason.] And you'll find, very shortly, whether there are any of them in Virginia. You talk of secession! If you, Senators—you and each of you—and any Representatives in the other House, should resolve that the Union should be dissolved, the great body of the people are so attached to the Union, that they would come here and hang you all, or else throw you into the Potomac."

Soon after the Senate adjourned.

On the 2nd, the Bounty Land Bill, as amended by the House, was taken up, and the amendments, three in number, concurred in, when the bill was passed.

The District of Columbia Judiciary Bill was taken up, slightly amended, and passed.

The bill from the House, to carry into effect the decision of the Convention on the subject of claims between the United States and England, was three times read and passed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which was discussed during the evening session.

An appropriation was adopted for paying the salaries of the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, at the rate of $7,000 each, and $7,500 to the Chief Justice.

On the 3rd, a bill fixing the salary of the President Judge of California at $4,500, was passed.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, after much discussion and the addition of various amendments, was finally passed.

The bill establishing post routes was also passed, as was the Naval Appropriation Bill, with the addition of the Ocean Mail Steamer Bill as an amendment, striking out the clause repealing the power to give notice to the Collins line of the discontinuance of the extra allowance, and compelling them to build a new steamer in addition to supplying the loss of the Arctic.

*Evening Session.*—The Fortification Bill has been returned from the House. The Senate receded from its amendments, and the bill was passed.

A few Indian treaties were ratified, and some Indian agents, land officers and post-masters, but nothing of importance.

The Bounty Land Bill has been signed by the President.

Mr. Dawson, from the Committee of the District of Columbia, reported a bill organizing an institution for the insane of the army and navy in the District, and for other purposes. It was considered and passed.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, from the Committee on Territories reported back the bills for the erection of public buildings in Kansas and Nebraska—passed.

On the 4th, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Oregon Territory to form a State Constitution, and apply for admission into the Union, at the next session. The South members generally opposed the bill. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, also opposed it, because it was Sunday—and then Senator Douglas said that as the opposition came from both extreme North and extreme South, he would abandon the bill. It was therefore laid on the table, by a vote of 27 to 11.

Pending the preceding debate, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill came in from the House, where 119 amendments had been attached.

The Senate agreed to 101 of these, and returned the 54 to the House. The House receded from the 46 remaining amendments, and the bill passed.

The Senate then sent to and received from the House the customary resolutions, and at 11.30 A. M., adjourned *sine die*.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 26th, the House took up and passed the bill extending the provisions of a former law so as to grant the right of way to all plank and railroad companies running through the public lands in the territories, as well as through those in the States.

The ceremony of receiving General Jackson's sword occupied most of this session of the House as well as of the Senate; there was, however, some discussion of the Navy Appropriation Bill, but no action thereon.

In the evening session the bill for the relief of revolutionary soldiers was further discussed; whereupon the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the House took up and passed the Navy and Fortification Appropriation Bills.

On motion of Mr. Latham, the bill establishing a United States Circuit Court for the District of California, with one Judge at an annual salary of $4,500, was taken up and passed.

The evening session was entirely occupied by a most interesting debate on the Slavery, Free-Soil and Know-Nothing questions, in which Messrs. Giddings, Florence, Baldwin, etc., participated.

On the 28th, several bills were considered and passed, the more important of them being a bill from the Senate to prevent mistrial in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States in certain cases; and a bill for the relief of Charles W. Carroll, giving him $5,000 in consideration of his false arrest and imprisonment as deserter from the U. S. Army.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill from the Senate for the relief of the soldiers of the war of 1812 and their widows and orphan children, which finally passed—yeas 135, nays 39.

The evening session was occupied with a discussion of the slavery question.

On the 29th, the House was occupied in the discussion of the Army Appropriation Bill, without taking any definite action thereon. Adjourned.

On the 2nd, Mr. Olds, from the Post-Office Committee, reported a bill establishing a large number of post routes, which, without reading, was passed.

The consideration of the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, as passed in Committee, was resumed.

During the evening session, the House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for and put in operation a semi-monthly mail, by sea, from San Francisco to certain points in California and Washington and Oregon Territories, the cost of the same not to exceed [illegible] per annum, and agreed to all the Senate amendments to the Emigrant Passenger Bill.

After passing several trifling bills the House adjourned.

On the 4th, the Senate Bill appropriating $161,000 for the removal of obstructions in the Savannah river was taken up and passed.

The House then took up and passed the Senate Bill making appropriations for deepening the channels over the St. Clair flats, and the St. Mary's river, in Michigan.

The House concurred in the amendments of the Senate to the bill requiring the pre-payment of postage on all letters, and pre-payment by postage stamps after the first of January next.

A message was received from the President, informing the House that he had signed certain bills, and returning the Ocean Mail Steamer Bill, with his objections.

The House took up and passed the Senate Bill increasing the compensation of Registers and Receivers under the Land Graduation Act of last year.

Various other bills passed under a suspension of the rules.

The House then took up and adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Navy Appropriation Bill, which makes a clean appropriation for the existing mail service.

After a short address of thanks to the House from the Speaker, Mr. Boyd, adjourned *sine die*.

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A MAYOR CIRCUMVENTED.—The Mayor of Detroit determined, a few days since, to put a stop to the driving of fast horses through the principal streets of that city. So, in company with a posse of policemen, he walked deliberately through the middle of Jefferson Avenue, a beautiful wide street, which is generally the course for trotters. Arrived at the end of his promenade, the worthy Mayor was fatigued, and gladly accepted the invitation of a gentleman to take a seat in his cutter. No sooner was he seated than the horse broke into a 2.40 pace, and the conservator of public morals found himself flying along at a speed quite destructive of anything like dignity, and entirely subversive of municipal discipline. The proprietor and driver of the sleigh made the most strenuous efforts to stop the horse, and pulled upon the lines till his arms were lame, which everybody knows is the way to stop one of our American trotters, but the animal could not be induced to tarry, and dashed on. The other fast ones in the street, seeing the Mayor set the example, at once entered into the contest, and a merry time was the result. The owner of the horse has since expressed his extreme regret that his animal should have behaved so badly, and threatens to sell him, while the Mayor has not since been seen promenading the avenue.

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EFFECTS OF LOW WATER.—It is stated that, in the warehouse at Aberdeen, Miss., there are 24,000 bales of cotton waiting for a rise in the Tombigbee, to be sent to market.

# General News.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamships St. Louis and Canada, we have Liverpool dates to the 17th. The Canada arrived at New York on the 1st.

The Peace Convention was to open on the 26th of February. Lord John Russell left London for the Austrian capital, to assume the post of Plenipotentiary of the British Government in the Conference.

Much distress exists at Liverpool in consequence of the absence of employment. The idle number fifteen thousand, and of these five thousand are from the non-arrival of American shipping.

Frederick Peel has been appointed Under Secretary of War, and Sir Francis Baring Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Admiral Dundas has been appointed to the chief command of the Baltic Fleet, with Seymour as second, and Baynes as third in command.

The army estimates for the current year have been published. The total number of men, including the force in India, is 194,000, and the expenses are £13,000,000. Last year the expenses were £7,000,000. It is proposed to add 36,000 to the present number.

Parliament re-assembled on the evening of the 16th ult., when Lord Palmerston explained the circumstances attending his coming into power.

SEBASTOPOL, Feb. 1.—The Czar's two sons, the Grand Dukes, have entered Sebastopol, and made a reconnoissance of the Allied front. The Allies are daily expecting an attack, and the pickets are ordered to be on the alert. The weather has become warm.

In a sortie on the 31st Jan., 300 of the French were put *hors du combat*, two regiments having, in the obscurity of the night, fired upon each other.

The supplies of the Commissariat are sufficient in most respects.

Admiral Bruat has telegraphed to the French Government that, since the 31st Jan., the Russians have recommenced their night sorties, but are vigorously repulsed.

The Russians have received considerable reinforcements.

Thirteen hundred men, with provisions and stores, have reached the French army.

The roads near Eupatoria are frozen and good.

VARNA, Feb. 3.—It is stated from Kamiesch that the Russians made sorties on the nights of the 1st and 2nd, and were repulsed.

Feb. 6th.—Nothing of importance has occurred before Sebastopol. The firing is kept up briskly on both sides.

The long-talked-of change in the French army in the Crimea is announced. The army is to be divided into two corps d'armee, and one given to Gen. Pelissier, and the other to Gen. Bosquet. This virtually renders Canrobert a mere cipher.

The rumor is that Lord Raglan and the Earl of Lucan are shortly to return from the Crimea. The reason for their recall is not stated.

It is stated that Naples has joined the Alliance with the Western Powers, and will send, in addition to a fleet, a land force equal to that of Sardinia to the Crimea.

France has given a guarantee to prevent a revolution in Italy, which has had the effect of bringing in Naples.

Count Orloff, the Russian Minister, and his staff, had left Naples.

The Belgian journals announce that Tuscany, Parma and Modena had joined the Western Alliance, and were to furnish 1,000 men each. This is probably meant as ironical.

The French Funds have been considerably depressed by a wild rumor that the Emperor would immediately depart for the Crimea, leaving the Empress Eugenie as Regent.

It is more probable that he will command the army of the Rhine, should war be declared against Prussia.

The Engineers are surveying the ground for a camp of 10,000 men, near Metz.

The French Police have placed all the Spanish Carlist refugees in France under surveillance.

It is rumored that Prince Napoleon is about to be married to the Princess of Wurtemburg.

Forty-seven bales of Algerian cotton, resembling the Sea Island, have been sold at auction at Havre, for 2f. 37c.a4f. 50.

SPAIN.—It is rumored that Spain will join the Alliance, with a view to influence France in the prevention of any insurrection.

It is also reported that Portugal will join the Allies, with 12,000 men. This is rather doubtful.

The Western Powers are seeking to unite all the secondary States in a general European league against Russia.

Sweden continues her military preparations.

The smaller German States have their armies nearly complete.

The Conde de Montemolin has recommended the Carlists to postpone their intended insurrection until the Espartero Government is quite rotten.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Government preserves its neutrality, and continues to forbid the enlistment of soldiers for foreign service.

The affair of Phillips, an American citizen, arrested for being implicated in the Mazzini difficulties, has been settled, by the payment of $2,000, and the reprimanding of the Chief of Police.

PRUSSIA.—A circular has been sent to the Diplomatic agents of Prussia, indicating that the entire Prussian army is to be immediately made ready for the field.

AUSTRIA.—The warlike preparations of Austria continue with unabated energy.

THE VIENNA CONFERENCE.—All the Five Powers have signified their intention to participate in the Conference at Vienna, which is to meet at Vienna on the 26th of February.

Lord John Russell represents Great Britain, M. de Bourqueney, or, perhaps, a Special Minister, is to represent France; Count Buol will represent Austria, and Reza Bey, Turkey. Gortschakoff, assisted by M. Titoff, the ex-Minister to Constantinople, will represent Russia.

It is reported that Russia will be allowed a seat at the Board, and that the business will be limited to requiring of Gortschakoff a categorical yes or no.

Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister, has returned to Berlin, and caused a rise in funds.

Negotiations are on foot for an Austrian loan of 15,000,000 in the English market.

The opinion prevails that no terms can be come to between Prussia and the Western Powers, and that Prussia will be left to neutrality and its consequences.

TURKEY.—The Turkish Government is about to issue 2,000,000 sterling bonds, at 10 per cent. interest.

A fire broke out in the Arsenal at Constantinople, but was extinguished without doing much damage.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Duke of Genoa is dead.

The first detachment of British troops had arrived at Suez.

The Vice Roy of Egypt has abolished the Custom duties, except at Suez.

A despatch from Varna under date of February 4th, says that 30,000 troops had landed at Eupatoria, and others were on the march for Varna, and would embark as soon as they arrived there.

The Russians outside of Sebastopol were encamped partly in the village of Alma and Balbec, partly at Simpheropol and the environs.

A telegraphic despatch from Vienna says that the Czar has issued a manifesto, under date of St. Petersburg, February 12th, in which he calls upon the entire male population to arm. An additional force of 300,000 men is to be despatched to the Crimea.

The Journal de St. Petersburg of February 3rd, contains the address of the Czar to the Hetman of the Don Cossacks, expressing his confidence that they will fight courageously for the Church, the throne and their country.

The reported mutiny among the Zouaves created a painful sensation at Paris, but it is thought was greatly exaggerated.

A French company has offered to raise in France a Legion of from 16,000 to 25,000 men, for the service of the English government, half of the number to be ready in fifteen days. It is stated that the English government were disposed to entertain the proposition.

Admiral Napier replies, through the London News, as follows, to Admiral Berkely, of the Admiralty:

"I do not intend to bandy words with the gallant Admiral, but I beg to tell you, when the papers—which I hope will be asked for—are produced, it will be seen that I was goaded to act contrary to my own judgment—that I was censured—and finally dismissed my command."

THE CRIMEAN WINTER.—The Crimea is most capricious as regards climate. The winter of 1795–6 was open and mild up to the 6th of February. Pallas saw all the spring flowers out in abundance at that time. Then the weather changed, and a deep snow fell; but still the cold was not great throughout the whole winter. On the other hand, in the years 1798 and 1799, 1800, the cold weather began at the end of October and lasted to the end of March, severe frosts alternating with storms from the North. In the latter year the whole of the Sea of Azoff and the Straits of Yenikale were frozen, and not only that, but also a great portion of the Bay of Kaffa and other bays of the Black Sea, so that they were crossed on horseback. Simultaneously with this cold, which was so great that the thermometer descended as low as 18 degrees of Reaumur below zero, there were violent north winds. The cold is almost always greatest in the month of February.

FROM CHINA.—The India Mail brings dates from Hong Kong to Dec. 19th, and from Bombay to Jan. 17th.

The Burmese envoy had demanded restitution of the Pegu, which was peremptorily refused.

At Canton matters were still threatening and trade is quite depressed. Exchange at Canton 4s. 9d.; at Shanghai, 6s 6¼.

A monetary crisis was considered probable at Calcutta.

FROM INDIA.—The India overland mail brings a despatch from Bombay, dated Jan. 16th, which says that an insurrection had broken out in Cabool.

Twelve thousand Persians are besieging Bender Celasi. A murderous conflict had taken place, but the besieged continued their resistance.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Feb. 17.—The Circular of Milligan & Co., reports the sales of Cotton for the week at 35,000 bales.

Brown, Shipley & Co. report the market easier but not quotably lower, and buyers exercising caution. The decline is mostly in the lower qualities. The sales of the week are 35,000 bales. The sales of Friday were 6,000 bales, closing tame. The present stock exclusive of that on shipboard, is 379,000 bales, of which 157,000 bales are American.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Circular of Brown, Shipley & Co., quotes prices generally a shade lower; little speculative demand. Other circulars say flour has declined 3d. wheat 3d. and corn 6d. The quotations are: old Western Canal flour, 36s a36s 6d; new do 37a40s; Philadelphia and straight Baltimore, 41a42s 6d; good Ohio, 43a44s; white wheat, 11s 6d; white corn, 43s; yellow, 43s a45s 6d.; mixed, 43a45s.

PROVISIONS.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Beef dull and unchanged. Interior Pork is dull. Bacon is unchanged, with a moderate demand; new Western 44a45s 6d. Lard is higher, with a fair demand at 6d.

Rice is unchanged, with a moderate demand at previous rates. Sales of Carolina at 25¼.

Linseed Oil is unchanged, with a limited business.

Tobacco is inactive, but prices are unchanged.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Feb 16.—The London money market is unchanged. Consols closed at 91a91½ for money, and 92¼ for account. The amount of bullion in the Bank of England has declined £31,008. American Securities are firm and higher. United States 6s, 1868, 108a109; U. S. 5s, 1853, 98a99; U. S. 6's stocks, '67–'68, 108a109; Penna 5s, bonds, 79a80; Maryland 5s, bonds, 90a91; Alabama 5s, 80a81; Virginia 6s, bonds, 89a87; Virginia Sterling, 90a92; Penna 6s, Pennsylvania Central, 87a89; Erie R. R., first mortgage, 1868, 101; Erie R. R., third mortgage, 75a80; Erie Income, 71a76; American dollars are quoted at 5s.

LONDON PRODUCE MARKET.—Baring Brothers report a fair amount of business in Flour, at 36s8s; Wheat 1a2s.

The iron market is dull. Rails are quoted at £6 10s a £6 15s; bar iron £6. 15s a£7. Scotch pig iron 51s.

Sugar is firm, and prices a shade higher. Coffee is quiet.

## NEWS ITEMS.

THE BURNS RESCUE.—The trial of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and others, charged with resistance to the United States Marshal in the case of Burns, will probably commence at Boston, Mass., on the 20th instant, in the United States Circuit Court, before Judges Curtis and Sprague. Eminent counsel have been retained for the defence. In the case of most of the accused, the Government will attempt to connect them with the resistance in Court Square, by means of their speeches, at Faneuil Hall, the same evening.

SANDUSKY, March 1.—The first annual distribution of prizes by the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association took place last evening. The Greek Slave, the first prize, was drawn by Mrs. Kate Gillespie Brady, of South Bend, Penn. There were 261 prizes distributed, which were drawn by persons in all parts of the Union.

The Journal of Commerce has received, through the hands of Rev. D. Brantly, of Athens, Georgia, ten dollars, for the suffering poor of New York, from a Baptist church of colored people at Augusta, in the same State. Dr. Brantly says, "It is a small free will offering from a portion of our slave population who are comfortably provided for, and, having a little to spare, have remembered the suffering poor of your city." The question naturally arises in this connection, "Is all the return from the South for the many thousands of dollars sent to her from the North during the pestilence of last summer, to come in the shape of an insult?"

FACT FROM THE PATENT OFFICE WHICH SHOULD BE KNOWN.—It has been decided by the Patent Office, that a Caveat, when once filed, must "be preserved in secrecy," (quoted from the law,) forever, or returned to the caveator, even although a patent may have been granted thereon. The reason of the latter clause of this decision is that the caveat may describe improvements not involved in the application. Those who apply for copies of caveats are therefore in error when they suppose they have a right to them without the consent of the caveators.

FARM LABORERS WANTED.—Laborers on farms are much needed in the West. The Toledo Blade has the following on the subject:—

"There is in the interior country, on the farms, a constant demand for more laborers than can be obtained. There is a hundred times more of food actually wasted in the interior, daily, than would support the thousands now almost in a state of starvation in eastern cities. Food is abundant—laborers scarce. This we know, from long personal observation in the interior."

POPULATION OF KANSAS.—At the city of Lawrence, the head-quarters of the New Englanders in Kansas, a census just taken, shows that out of a total population of 375, there are 334 natives of the Union, from the following States:—Massachusetts, 99; New York, 59; Pennsylvania, 38; Ohio, 25; Iowa, 19; and Missouri, 16.

A GENEROUS WISH.—A well known ponurious character invited a friend to dinner, and provided two mutton chops. On removing the cover, he said—"My friend, you see your dinner," which his friend immediately with his knife and fork took to himself, remarking—"I only wish I could see yours."

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—M. Laysel, a French chemist, says that he discovered that, by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled. The experiment is worth trying.

A TIMELY RESCUE.—There has recently been found at the shop of a pork-butcher, in London, a considerable portion of a very fine copy of the first edition of Aristotle's works, printed by Aldus, at Venice, in 1497, and also fragments of other works of less rarity, but still of considerable value.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Elmira (N. Y.) Republic says, a marriage took place at Horseheads last week, the parties to which were respectively about eighty-five and seventy-eight years of age, making an aggregate age of one hundred and sixty-three years!

A VALUABLE CROP.—E. A. McKay, Esq., of Naples, Ontario county, N. Y., writes to the Horticulturist that he has raised from one acre of land eleven thousand pounds of Isabella grapes,—over five and a-half tons. Isabellas commanded readily in our market last fall, 25 cents per pound. At that price, the produce of this single acre would have brought $2,750; at only twenty cents they would have brought $2,200.

NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—A correspondent of the Staunton Spectator states that the Rev. M. Brown, of Bath county, Va., married a couple, a few days since, across the river—that is, the parson was on one side, and the bridegroom and his dulcinea on the other.—This mode was resorted to on account of the water being impassable. The license was thrown across the stream by the bridegroom, after having wrapped it tightly around a stone.

Burns, the fugitive slave, whose reclamation led to such serious results in Boston, is now back in that city. He has been purchased by the Bostonians for $1,300.

A curious illustration of the general result of attempting to keep public matters out of the newspapers, was afforded last week in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. A note appended to the Report of the Allen Commissioners was distasteful to some of the members, and an attempt was made to suppress it in the publication. The result was that everybody wished to see what it was that the House did not wish to have published, and all the papers published it, and called attention to it.

THE CAPITOL OF OHIO.—Ever since the commencement of the year 1838, the State of Ohio has been engaged in the business of erecting a Capitol building at Columbus. It is not yet finished, nor does there seem to be much prospect of its being soon. The money appropriated for it since the commencement, amounts, in the aggregate, to $606,575. When finished, it will be the most superb State House in the Union; and so it ought to be, in view of its cost.

WINTER WHEAT.—Thus far, the various accounts respecting the prospects of the wheat crop are highly favorable. Respecting the crop in Michigan, the Detroit Free Press says: From all sections we hear that the wheat is looking exceedingly well. The quantity upon the ground is greater than in any former year, and with no intervening calamity, the crop will be unprecedented.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Gen. Robert Halsey, of Ithaca, N. Y., has recently been doing a very handsome thing. He requests the tax-gatherer of the town in which he resides, to pass over all cases where taxes have been levied upon individuals who cannot pay them without depriving themselves or their dependent families of the necessaries of life, or means of comfortable subsistence, and present the same to him for payment.

FANNY FERN.—An exchange says that Sarah Payson Willis—alias Fanny Fern—was born at Portland, Me., July 9th, 1811.

In making up the account of the large amount of gold at present in this country, we forget the vast sum brought hither by foreigners.—The New York Board of Emigration estimate that $20,000,000 has been brought to that city during the past year by the Germans alone. If this be true, at least one-half as much more, we doubt not, has been received from other emigrants. Here is a total of $30,000,000 or more than one-half as much as we receive from California.

HUNG HIMSELF.—David Peiser, a Prussian, hung himself at his boarding house in New York, on Saturday morning week. Cause, destitution.

MEMENTO OF NAPOLEON I.—The library of 1,100 volumes used by Napoleon at Elba, is still preserved on that island. Many of the works contain notes in the Emperor's own hand.

TWO SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The name of the Swedish Nightingale is Jenny Lind. Not a bad name for the English Nightingale in the East would be—Jenny Lint.

A FLOURISHING INSTITUTION.—The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, Ohio, have a library containing 14,811 volumes.

A GOOD FIGHTING STOCK.—A stone mason, of Reading, England, named Oliver Cromwell, and said to be a descendant of the Protector, enlisted into the Grenadier Guards a few weeks ago.

MORE "HARD TIMES."—Silk goods, to the amount of $968,000, have been entered at the Boston Custom House since the 1st day of Jan. the present year.

M. Sauvage, of Havre, whom the French represent as the inventor of the screw propeller, has become insane.

AN EXCELLENT MOVEMENT.—The Painesville (Ohio) Telegraph states that fifty-one lads, connected with the High School in Painesville, have taken a pledge never to use tobacco in any of its vile forms.

ANCIENT PRICE OF A SHAVE.—Among our Gothic ancestors on the shores of the Baltic, a young man could not have the privilege of being shaved until he could show the head of an enemy, killed by his own prowess.

FINANCIERING IN INDIANA.—There are 123 Banks in the State of Indiana. Of these, 15 are at par in Cincinnati, the balance varying between 5 and 75 per cent. discount.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.—Between the 15th of September, 1854, and the 1st of February, 1855, there were entered 400,000 acres of land at the Huntsville (Ala.) Land Office, under the Graduation Law, and $52,000 paid into the office for the same.

LIBRARY AT THE MINES.—The citizens of St. Louis, Sierra county, California, have established a public library, with a capital of five thousand dollars.

A GREAT PLACE FOR FRUIT.—According to Prof. Mapes, the quantity of peaches brought into New York city in one week, exceeded that of all the fruits, of every kind, imported into Great Britain in one year.

THE MORMONS.—It appears from a new Mormon paper, published in New York, that the Mormon immigration from Europe, which has heretofore arrived at New Orleans, is to be diverted to Northern cities, on account of the greater exposure to sickness on the Mississippi.

HORSE-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The annual meeting of the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) trotting club commenced on the 26th ult., and was to continue for five days. The purses run for are all liberal ones, and that for the last day is one of $500. The contestants are numerous, and the ice is good, thick and strong.

AN UNTAUGHT GENIUS.—Ovide Paradis, aged 19 years, a native of River du Loup, Three Rivers, Canada, has, since June last, constructed with his own hands, a church organ, which is described by professional gentlemen of the place, as a fine and sweet-toned instrument. The maker never had learned the business. Leon Caron, organist of the parish church of that place, says it contains many improvements, and that he never sat down to an organ with greater pleasure than to that of Mr. Paradis.

Judge Rockwell, of the Circuit Court, Brooklyn, New York, has decided that Avenue cars, omnibuses, &c., are common carriers, and cannot reject well-behaved, sober, colored persons, without being liable for damages.

A FEARFUL RECORD.—The number of murders committed in California during the year 1854, is said to be 450, and even that is supposed by many to be much under the mark. During the same period, there were only fifteen convictions for man-slaughter, six executions by officers of the law, and eighteen by the code of Judge Lynch.

EVADING THE PROHIBITORY LAW.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer says, that the last way discovered to evade the liquor law is as follows: The keeper has produced a large lot of small phials, and puts up a drink in each, and sells them to his customers a shilling a bottle, and they go to another saloon and drink it. This evades the law, as it provides for selling liquor by the "bottle," when not drunk on the premises.

VERY TRUE.—The Albany (New York) Knickerbocker says, some very splendid valentines were sent out this year. A young lady in North Pearl street received one—a Paris production—valued at $80. So much for being rich and handsome. Had she been a poor girl, "with yaller hair," her valentine would have consisted of a half-sheet of foolscap and a lamb's haslet. Funny world, this. "To those who have much, more shall be given," &c. See Gospel according to Mathew, and when found turn down a leaf.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Mr. Fenn, a Prussian by birth, who was Civil Engineer on the Terra Haute and Alton Railroad, committed suicide at Terra Haute, Indiana, on the 20th ultimo. He was in attendance at a masquerade, and coolly remarked to a couple of ladies, that he would retire and shoot himself. One of the ladies jocularly replied that he should do so. A pistol report was soon heard, and in an adjoining room Fenn was found, weltering in his gore. No cause assigned for the act.

NEW KIND OF FIRE HOSE.—The New York Fire Department are about introducing a new kind of hose made of hempen strings, knit and plaited together so close as to be impervious to water. It is estimated that one thousand feet of this hose could be carried by a company more easily than they do five hundred of the leather and rubber. The hemp hose, it is believed, will come 35 per cent. cheaper than that now in use.

QUITE A CONTRAST.—The Painesville (Ohio) Telegraph states that two classes of people in that village undertook to raise funds for the relief of the poor. One held a dancing party in the evening and raised $75; the other, whose conscientious scruples prevented their attendance where dancing was a part of the exercises, appointed a committee to receive the contributions in the afternoon, and the amount received consisted of $1 in money, two pieces of pork, and 5 pounds of butter.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.—A case involving a question most interesting to the community is before the Court of Common Pleas at Mansfield, Ohio. The case is this: Mr. Barber, an operator in a telegraph office, was a witness, and was ordered by the Court to reveal the contents of a certain message which had passed over the wires. This he refused to do, and was committed to jail.

It is now believed that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS. of the Emperor Bonaparte, collected by Louis Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the Emperor, are in a text hardly legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

Lord Lyndhurst, Ex-Chancellor of England, is an American by birth, as the baptismal register of Philadelphia will attest. In that city in the year 1769, John Singleton Copley was born. His father had been long settled in the city, and even before the Revolutionary era grown into fame by his picture of Lord Chatham's death. In 1776, the family went to England, and John, the only son, studied at the bar, whence he arose to the woolsack, which he has occupied thrice, and which he has adorned by eloquence such as the world has seldom witnessed.

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—In the interior of Norfolk, England, is a bed of oyster shells, nine miles long, and above 18 feet thick. Other shells and bones (some of elephants, &c.) also abound, 100 feet above the sea level. Alder and hazel bushes are found 20 feet below the surface-level. Remains of extensive forests are traced beyond the mouth of wash and under the land, with bones of elephants, oxen and deer. The same forests are found on the opposite coast of Flanders, and it is believed that they were once joined.

RAILROAD IRON WORKS.—There are, it appears, three iron mills in Virginia, engaged in the manufacture of railroad iron, and it is estimated they will produce this year 15,000 tons of iron. In Pennsylvania there are nine, which will produce about 98,000 tons, and in Maryland one, which will turn out 12,000 tons.

AN AFRICAN TEETOTALLER.—The Maine Law has been introduced into Africa. Moshesh, chief ruler of Basotuland, has prohibited the importation and sale of liquors in an effectual decree containing only three clauses.

TOO MANY LAWYERS.—Owing to the excessive number of lawyers in Hungary, permission to practice will be refused for one year to every new comer. We think it would be an amendment to the foregoing to add, "that it be re-enacted annually."

POST OFFICE EMBEZZLEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Grand Jury of the United States District Court at New Orleans, has found true bills of indictment against Richard A. Lafonte and Richard A. Nixon, charged with embezzling money from letters in the Post-Office, where they were employed as clerks. Both these young men have forfeited their bonds and left for parts unknown.

LONGEVITY IN FEMALES.—There are now living in Baltimore, Maryland, five old ladies, (sisters,) whose united ages number 395 years. The eldest is over eighty, and the youngest between sixty-four and sixty-five years. They are all healthy, prosperous, and surrounded by children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, and are also all widows. We are indebted to the Baltimore Patriot for these particulars.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.—It is said that the *Bibliotheque Nationale*, in the Rue Richelieu, contains at the present time 1,400,000 volumes. These are mostly in handsome binding of colored leather, enriched with gilt, and are placed in solid walls, from floor to ceiling, with net-work for protection, as high as the hand can reach.

DEATH FROM EATING HEMLOCK.—William Green, overseer for Haywood Williams, Esq., of Person County, North Carolina, died recently, immediately after eating a small particle of the root of Hemlock, which some ditchers had dug up, and he mistook for parsnip growing wild.

CANADIAN TROOPS FOR THE CRIMEA.—We learn from the Toronto [Canada] Colonist, that just previous to the resignation of the Aberdeen Ministry, arrangements had been concluded at the Horse Guards, authorizing the Canadian Government to raise two regiments of rifles for service in the Crimea.

RAPID INCREASE.—The population of St. Louis, according to a census just taken, is 97,642 including 2,956 colored persons, which is an increase of about 12,000 since the census of 1852–'53. The population of the city and suburbs will reach nearly 120,000.

FREEDOM IN PERU.—A decree was published a few days since, by order of the Provisional President, Gen. Castilla giving freedom to all those slaves who had not volunteered to serve in the army of Echenique. The Government pledge itself to pay the owners for their property in five years.

ANNUAL RISING OF RIVERS.—The Nile begins to rise in June, and attains 24 to 28 feet of elevation in the middle of August, and then floods the valley of Egypt, 12 miles wide. The Ganges rises from April to August 32 feet, and then creates a flood 100 miles wide. The Euphrates rises between March and June 12 feet, and covers the Babylonian plains.

A LOTTERY WITHIN THE MEANING OF THE STATUTE.—In the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati on the 21st ult., Mr. H. H. Shipley was tried upon a charge of advertising a scheme of chance. His offence was the publication of the prospectus and advertisements of the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association, which has advertised a drawing of works of art, to be had at Sandusky on the 28th ult. It was held in defence that every member of the association received the full value of his subscription money in magazines and other works, and therefore that it could not be a scheme of chance; but the Cincinnati Gazette says:

"The Court charged the jury, that notwithstanding every member or purchaser of a ticket thereby received certainly a periodical of equivalent value with the price paid, yet if other and further inducements were held out to the purchasers of tickets, that they should be entitled to share in a distribution of property to be made to members, which distribution was to be made by any mode of mere accident and chance, then the concern was a scheme of chance within the meaning of the law. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Motion was made for a new trial, and sentence deferred."

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.—The high mountains of California are frequented by a species of condor, which, although somewhat inferior in size to the condor of the Andes, is probably the largest bird to be found within the confines of the Golden State. A full grown California condor measures upward of thirteen feet from tip to tip of its wings, and when in its favorite element, the air, is as graceful and majestic as any bird in the world. They make their homes upon the ledges of lofty rocks, or in the old deserted nests of hawks and eagles, upon the upper branches of lofty trees. Their eggs are each about twelve ounces in weight, and are said to be excellent eating. The barrels of the wing feathers of the condor are about four inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and are used by the inhabitants of Northern Mexico to keep gold dust in.

SOLDIERS IN EUROPE.—The number of men bearing arms of war at this time in Europe, may be set down thus:—England, 230,000; Turkey, 447,000; Prussia, 580,000; Austria, 593,000; France, 566,000; Russia, 1,540,000; the German States with the exception of Austria and Prussia, 1,388,000—making the whole number of soldiers now under arms, 5,364,000. Here are soldiers enough to produce mischief, which the world would not recover from with centuries of peace.

MIGHTY LITTLE VALUE.—The mite of Commerce, a small coin, formerly current, was equal to one-third of a farthing. The mite of Scripture was the quarter of a denarius, and worth seven farthings.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

TEMPERANCE LAW.—In the Senate of Pennsylvania, the Committee on Vice and Immorality, reported a bill for the suppression of intemperance, accompanied with a report comprehending the whole question of license laws and prohibition, from the pen of Mr. Price. The bill agreed upon by the Committee, is a stringent license law, the lowest measure of reform which they think the Legislature can adopt to meet the demands of public opinion. It adopts the machinery of existing general laws, requiring all who would sell under five gallons, to take licenses from the Court in all parts of the State, after full advertisement of their application, and subject to objection and contest by their neighbors; and the decision of the Court, after hearing all parties, as to the occasion of granting the license. All are to be put under bond, with warrant of attorney, to enter judgment for a faithful observance of the law, the license fees are increased threefold, and none can sell under a quart who are not licensed to keep an inn, and at least six rooms and twelve beds for the exclusive use of travellers. In the city of Philadelphia, where the free system now exists, there will be, besides the general provisions of the laws of the State, a board of three appraisers, to be appointed by the Court, composed of three temperate and reputable appraisers, in no manner interested in the liquor business, whose duty it will be to inquire into the fitness of the applicant, and without whose certificate his application cannot be made.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAW SIGNED.—The Governor, on Tuesday, the 27th ult., signed the bill to prevent the sale of liquor on the Sabbath. It will go into effect on 1st of April.

THE TEXAS CREDITOR BILL.—The President has signed the bill for the payment of the creditors of Texas.

PASSAGE OF THE BOUNTY LAND BILL.—The Houses of Congress passed the Bounty Land Bill, which gives 160 acres of land to all who served in any of the wars of the United States since 1790. Those who have already received 40 and 80 acres, are entitled to the difference under this bill. The Senate had previously passed it, so that if it receives the President's sanction, it will be the law. The bill also includes Revolutionary widows.

WOMAN'S TRUE RIGHTS.—A bill to secure to married women equal rights with the sterner sex in the ownership of property, and securing to widows the guardianship of their children, has been ordered to a third reading in the House of the New Jersey Legislature.

PASSAGE OF THE POSTAGE BILL.—The United States Senate have passed an important bill from the House, in reference to the postage on letters. This bill provides that for letters going less than 3,000 miles, the postage shall be *three* cents, and over that distance it shall be *ten* cents, except where postal treaties with other countries shall prevent. The amendment further provides that, after the 1st of January, 1856, all the letters shall be *pre-paid*, and that done with stamps; also, that letters containing money can be registered, so as to show that they have been sent, but in no instance to make the Department responsible for them. The amendment must be concurred in by the House before it goes to the President; but it will in all probability pass with the Senate's amendments.

CHURCH AND STATE.—The Senate of Massachusetts have passed, in concurrence with the House, an order directing the Committee on Constitutional Amendments to report an amendment prohibiting Catholics from holding office in that Commonwealth. The order was amended by inserting Roman before Catholic.

RAILROADS IN MISSOURI.—The Legislature of Missouri has passed a bill authorizing a loan of two hundred thousand dollars to be made to the Pacific Railroad, in the State, out of any funds in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated. It is expected that the road will be finished to Jefferson City in August.

CANADA.—The Provincial Assembly, in Committee of the Whole, have passed the first clause of the Prohibitory Law, thereby affirming the principle of the measure.

CONNECTICUT.—The Whig State Convention nominated the present State officers for re-election by acclamation. The Convention also adopted resolutions endorsing the American principle, including protection to American industry, declaring that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise has put an end to all compromises on the slavery question, and expressing a determination to resist, by all constitutional means, the admission of any more Slave States into the Union.

The resolutions further denounce the course of Mr. Toucey in the United States Senate, condemn the veto of the River and Harbor and French Spoliation Bills, approve the Connecticut Prohibitory Law, and declare that General Pierce's Administration is entitled to but little respect.

WEBSTER AND FILLMORE.—A writer in the Portland Advertiser states that shortly before his death, Mr. Webster wrote to Mr. Fillmore, then President, manfully taking upon himself all the blame of the Lobos Island affair, out of which has grown Mr. A. G. Benson's guano claim against the Government.

PASSED.—The Diplomatic and Consular Reform Bill having passed the Senate in the same shape in which it came from the House, only requires the signature of the Executive to become a law.

THE VETO POWER.—During the Presidential terms of the elder Adams, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Gen. Taylor, no bill passed by Congress was vetoed. All the bills which either Mr. Madison or Gen. Jackson ever vetoed, were exclusively upon Constitutional grounds. Washington never vetoed but one bill, and that was the Apportionment Bill, about which there was a difference of opinion in regard to the construction to be put upon a clause of the Constitution But then they had not such a corrupt set of Congressmen in the old times.

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NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society met at Washington recently. Quite a large number were in attendance. After receiving reports from various Committees, they elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Wm. P. Wilder, of Mass., and a Vice President from each State and Territory. Executive Committee—Messrs. King, of New York; Calvert, of Md.; Poore, of Mass; Watts, of Ohio; Jones, of Del.; Elwyn, of Penna.; and Wentworth, of Ill. Wm. J. King, of Boston, was chosen Secretary, and B. B. French, of Washington, Treasurer.

The Reciprocity question was discussed at considerable length, and warmly, during the morning and afternoon sessions, with reference to its influence upon agricultural interests, and a series of resolutions were finally adopted, objecting to the doctrine of free trade for agriculture and protection for other interests. Many valuable papers were also read and discussed. Hon. George P. Marsh lectured on the rural economy of Europe, and was followed by Dr. Wilder, of Cincinnati.

The Society, on the 2nd, after a protracted debate, passed a resolution calling on the agriculturists of the whole country to meet in Convention in Washington, in February next, to determine for themselves what legislation is necessary for their preservation.

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GEN SCOTT HAS HIS COMMISSION.—The following official announcement appears in the Washington Union:—*Official—Appointment by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*—Gen. Winfield Scott, of the army of the United States, to be Lieutenant-General by brevet in the same, for eminent services in the late war with Mexico, to take rank as such from March 29, 1847, the day on which the United States forces, under his command, captured Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulua.

The National Intelligencer says:—We understand that the President sent in the nomination on the 22nd of February, but the Senate has held no Executive Session till yesterday when the nomination was immediately and unanimously confirmed.

Gen. Scott gets about $50,000 back pay by this appointment, and a large increase of salary.

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TO CURE THE CROUP.—A writer in the "Country Gentleman," gives the following prescription for the croup:—Divest the child of all clothing about the neck and chest; then bathe the throat and upper part of the chest freely with cold water. Let this be done by pouring, sponging or very frequent application of wet cloths. While this is being done, prepare warm water, and immerse the feet in it. This gives relief in a short time; the child should be put quietly to rest, with a jug of warm water to the feet, when perspiration and sleep soon follow. Any one can follow these directions immediately, and it is a complaint which is soon fatal, unless checked in the early stages, and many precious lives are lost because a physician is not at hand until too late to save from suffocation.

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WHAT IT COSTS.—According to Mr. Bright, member of the British Parliament, the cost to England of maintaining an armament in the field, or on the water, is £1,000 per man; or as Mr. Bright puts it, that war is another rent to be paid by every one in the kingdom, equal to the rent he pays for his house. Each of the ten-inch shells thrown by the Allies in the siege of Sebastopol, costs, it is said, £25, about $125.

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BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 238—Adults 96, and children 142.

### CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 3.—The offerings of Beef Cattle this week have been about 1,200 head. The demand was active, and an advance of last week's prices realized. They were mostly disposed of at $10,50a13,00 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves are inactive; sales at from $18 to 45 each, as in quality. 730 head of Hogs have been offered, and mostly sold to the city butchers at $7a8 per 100 lbs, which is a slight advance. Sheep and Lambs are in good demand; sales of 1,000 head at $4,50a6,50, as in quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 3.

ASHES—The market is without change for Pearls—sales at $6,50. Pots are lower; sales at $5,25a5,37½; Saleratus is quiet at 6c.

COTTON—Market quiet; prices more or less nominal.

FLOUR—Only limited arrivals of Western and State, and with a good Eastern and local demand, prices are better. The stock of Western Canal is reduced to 100,000 bbls, which is very limited, the light arrivals in prospect considered. The sales are 9,000 bbls at $8,50a8,75 for common to good State; $9,12½a9,44 for mixed to good brands Michigan, Indiana, and common to good Ohio, and $10a10 for extra Genesee. Southern Flour is very buoyant, especially the medium and better kinds. The arrivals are not so large. Sales of 2,850 bbls at $9,75a9,94 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, Alexandria and Georgetown, and $9,50a10,50 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet at $6,75a7,25. Corn Meal is dull at $4,25a4,37½ for Jersey. Buckwheat Flour in light request at $3,25a3,75 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The market is buoyant for Wheat, with limited arrivals. The demand is good for milling. Sales of 3,500 bushels white Southern at $2,30a2,35 for common to good. Rye is quiet at $1,25a1,30. Barley inactive at $1,12a1,25. Oats are in fair request at 61a65c for State and Western, and 54a55c for Jersey and Southern. Corn is rather easier, especially mixed. Yellow is scarce and wanted. Sales of 30,000 bushels at 94c for mixed Southern, 97c for white do, 95a96c for Southern yellow, and 92a93 cts for Jersey yellow.

HOPS—Are dull at 19a25c for growth 1854, Eastern and Western.

PROVISIONS.—A limited demand for Pork for the trade, $13,50 for old Mess; $15 for new do; $14 for do Prime, and $16,50 for city prime Mess. Beef is firm but not active, and the arrivals are light; sales of country Mess at $9a11 50; do Prime $6a7,50; repacked Chicago $14,50a15. Prime Mess Beef is inactive at $23a25. Beef Hams are steady at $16a17,50. Butter is in good request at 18a26 for Ohio, and 24a28 for State. Cheese is firm and in fair request at 11a12½.

WHISKEY—The market is inactive at 31½c for Ohio and Prison.

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KNOW NOTHINGISM IN COURT—COMPETENCY OF JURORS.—The trial of McMahon was commenced this morning. The prisoner being a Catholic Irishman, his counsel thought it advisable to question the Jurors called in relation to their feelings towards foreigners, and their connection with the Know-Nothing organization. Without a formal decision that persons belonging to that oath-bound secret organization are, from that connection merely, incompetent to act as Jurors in a case between the people and a Catholic foreigner, the course pursued by the Court, counsel and triers in the making up of this panel, appeared to be in effect equivalent to a recognition of that principle. Mr. Townsend, for the prosecution, in answer to the objection raised by Mr. Beach, did not concede that the obligations of the Society would necessarily prevent a member, as a Juror, from returning a just and fair verdict in a case like the present; yet to a certain extent he acquiesced in the views expressed by Mr. Beach, who regarded the tendency of that connection as dangerous, liable to defeat the ends of justice, and one that should be carefully guarded against, in cases especially where the life or liberty of a *Catholic foreigner* is involved.—*Troy Budget, Saturday Evening week.*

THE AGE OF OYSTERS.—A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into his mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster shell, must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers of plates, overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time, they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 3, 1855.

REMARKS.—There has been rather more business doing since our last notice. The weather has been cold and blustering, and there has been considerable floating ice in the Delaware, but not enough to interfere with the arrival and departure of vessels. Bark is scarce and in demand at an advance. Coal is dull, and but little will be done until next month. Breadstuffs have been rather quiet, but prices have undergone no material change.—Supplies of Flour and Grain come in slowly, but the demand has been limited. Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses are in steady demand, without any essential change to notice in prices. In Fish no change. In Fruit there is but a small business doing. Hops continue dull. The Iron market continues depressed, and prices are unsettled. In Lead no transactions. In Lumber we notice some considerable contracts for future delivery, on terms not made public. In Naval Stores and Oils there is a fair business doing at former rates. Plaster is scarce. Provisions are held with more firmness, and there is more inquiry for some descriptions, but the want of stock materially restricts operations. Rice is unchanged. Cloverseed has declined and prices have ruled irregularly. Tobacco is firm. Wool is quiet. In Freights there have been but few engagements.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour continue small, and the stock is reduced to a very low figure. The demand, however, has been limited, both for shipment and home consumption, and prices remain without change. The sales for export only comprise 2a3,000 bbls at $8 75a8,87½ per bbl for common and good brands, including some at a trifle below the former rate; $8,94a9,50 for extra, and $10 for extra family. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is held firmly; 2a300 bbls sold at $6. Corn Meal is very quiet; 500 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4,25 per bbl, and 1,000 bbls at $4,12½.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 1st inst.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Barrels of Superfine | | 11,176 |
| Do | Fine | 197 |
| Do | Middlings | 61 |
| Do | Rye | 791 |
| Do | Corn Meal | 1,250 |
| Do | Condemned | 50 |
| Total | | 13,570 |

GRAIN.—Supplies of Wheat continue to come in very slowly, but the demand has been quite moderate. Sales of 25a28,000 bushels at $2,05a2,11 for ordinary and prime red, mostly at $2,11 for the latter, and $2,13a2,25 per bushel for white, including 6a8,000 bushels of white, deliverable on the opening of canal navigation at $2,20a2,25, closing at the latter rate. Rye has declined. 800 bushels Pennsylvania sold at $1,12a1,16. Corn has been in fair demand, without change in prices. Sales of 30a35,000 bushels yellow at 90a91c in store, and 92a93 cents, afloat, including 3,000 bushels to arrive, on the opening of the canals, at 90c. Oats are dull. Sales of Southern and Pennsylvania at 53a55c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little Pork here and very little arriving. Small sales of Mess at $15a15,50 per bbl, cash. Beef is in good demand for ship stores at $15,50, cash. Prices of Beef Cattle continue to rule unprecedentedly high. Bacon—There is no change to notice. Hams sell in small lots at 10a12c; Sides 9c, and Shoulders 7a7½c per lb, on time. Dry salted Meats are in fair request, without change in prices. Sales of 100 casks pickled Hams at 9a9½c. Sales in dry salt and pickle at 6¾ cts, and Shoulders at 6½c, 60 and 90 days. Lard—The demand has been limited, but there is very little here to operate in. Small sales of bbls at 10c per lb, and kegs at 11c. Butter continues in good demand, and further considerable sales of solid packed have been made at 16a18c per lb, cash and short time. A sale of 150 pkgs was made at the latter rate. Roll is scarce, and ranges from 18 to 23c, as in quality.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been more activity this week, both among the Jobbing and Commission Houses. The houses are beginning to fill up with Southern and Western merchants but their purchases thus far have been on a very restricted scale.

BARK.—The market is bare of Quercitron Bark, and there is none coming in. The last sales of No 1 was at $28 per ton. No Tanners' Bark offering.

BEESWAX.—Is dull. Small sales of yellow at 27a27½ cts per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—There is a steady demand for Adamantine, and further sales of 800 boxes have been made at 22½a25 cts per lb, 4 mos, as in quality. Sperm are dull, we quote at 38a41c.

COAL.—The market continues decidedly dull, and prices rule rather irregularly. There is but little demand for shipment, and only a few cargo sales have been reported at $4 75a5 per ton, cash. The opening prices have not yet been fixed. In Bituminous Coal no sales.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but the demand has been moderate. Sales of 5,000 bags Rio at 10a10½c, and a small lot of Java at 14½c per lb, on time.

COPPER.—Limited sales of Sheathing Copper and Metal are moving at our former quotations.

COTTON.—The demand has been less active since our last report, but with limited supplies and a reduced stock, prices remain without change. Sales of 500 bales, mostly Upland, within the range of 9a10½c per lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a steady business doing, without change in prices. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2½c per lb, on time; some Liquorice Paste at 22c, and Refined Borax at 28a29c.

FEATHERS.—The demand continues limited. Small sales of good Western at 40a42c per lb, on time.

FISH.—Prices of Mackerel remain without change. A small invoice of Halifax sold at a price not made public. Small sales of large No 1 from store at $24 per bbl; No 2 at $19, and No 3 at $13,50. Codfish and Herring remain without change.

FRUIT.—There have been no further arrivals of foreign, and the market has been quiet. Small sales of Oranges and Lemons at $2a2,25 per box. The stock of Raisins is now much reduced. Dried Apples are in steady demand at 3½c per lb. Peaches sell very slowly at our last quotations. 1,000 bushels old sold at 3½a3¾c per lb, and some new at 6½c.

GINSENG.—Nothing doing of either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO.—Sales of Peruvian in lots at $45a48 per ton, cash. A cargo of 1,800 tons has just been shipped direct to Liverpool.

HEMP.—The market is very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES.—No arrivals or sales this week, and no stock here to operate in.

HOPS.—Are dull, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of new Eastern and Western at 20a25c per lb.

INDIGO.—Prices continue firm. A small sale of Bengal at $1 25 per lb, 6 mos, and some Caraccas on private terms.

IRON.—The market has been dull since our last notice, and prices are rather unsettled. Small sales of No 1 at $27a28; No 2 at $25, and 120 tons No 3 at $21,50, 4 and 6 mos. Prices of Scotch Pig are nominal. Blooms range from $70 to $75, but there is very little in market. Small sales of Bar and Boiler Iron are making from store at former rates.

LEAD.—No sales have been reported.

LEATHER.—Is in good demand, and prices have a decidedly upward tendency. The stock of slaughter is nearly exhausted.

LUMBER.—There has been but little doing, except in the way of contracts for future delivery.

MOLASSES.—The supplies have fallen off since our last notice, and the market has been rather quiet. Small sales of Cuba at 24c, and 8,000 bbls New Orleans at 29a31c, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been but little doing this week; sales of 500 barrels common Rosin in lots at $1,70a1,75 per bbl. Tar and Pitch sell in small lots at our former quotations. Spirits of Turpentine is in limited request; small sales at 44a46 cts per gallon, cash and on time.

OILS.—There is a steady demand for Fish Oils from store at former rates; sales of Crude Whale at 65c, and Winter Sperm at $2,10 per gallon, and scarce. Lard Oil is dull. Linseed Oil sells in small lots at 95a96c.

PLASTER.—No sales, and none here.

RICE.—Is in steady demand at our former quotations. Sales of 200 tcs in lots at 5c per lb, on time.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower. Sales of 300 bushels, from the cars and store, at $6 per 64 lbs, and from wagons at $5,75. A lot sold at $5,50. Timothy ranges from $3,25a3,75, but there is very little inquiry. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted.

SPICES.—A sale of 800 bags Pimento was made on private terms, now held at a considerable advance. In other descriptions no change.

SPIRITS.—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at former rates. N E Rum is scarce and commands 50c. Whiskey is firmer. Sales at 31c in bbls, and 32a33 cts in hhds.

SUGAR.—The supplies have fallen off since our last notice. The demand has been good, but prices remain without change. Sales of 2,000 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 4½a5¾c per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Prices are steady at 12½a12¾ cts per lb for City Rendered, and 11½c for Country.

TEAS.—There is more inquiry, and prices are well maintained.

TOBACCO.—There is a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, for home consumption, at full rates.

WINES.—No transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL.—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, but prices remain without change. The demand has been limited, and is mostly confined to the finer qualities. Sales of 30,000 lbs from 26c up to 47½c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool some engagements for Corn have been made at 8½ per bushel, and Tallow at 25s per ton. To San Francisco 35a38c per foot for measurement goods. In Coal freights there has been but little doing.—*Inquirer.*

HAY per 100 lbs—Timothy 81a110; Clover 90a$1,00.

HEMP—Kentucky Dew Rot $140a150 per ton, do Dressed $200; Manilla per lb 9¼a10¼.

LIME per bushel 18a21c.

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.—Butter, Firkins, 12a14c; No 1 in kegs, 12a14; do Roll 18a22; Lard, Jersey, 11a11½; Western keg 11c; do bbl 9½a10c; Grease do 8a9¼; Cheese, Ohio, 9a9½c per lb; New York, 10a11. Mercer Potatoes, $1,50a1,56 per bushel.

RAGS—Country mixed 5½c per lb.

SALT—Liverpool, ground, 90a95c; do in sacks, $1,15a1,20; do in sacks (fine) $1,60a1,70; St. Martins, 90; Turk's Island, 32.

SOAP, Brown and Yellow, 4½a5½c per lb; White to Castile 11a11½.

TOBACCO—Cuba Stalks per lb; Kentucky 4a8; do Maysville, 5a10; Maryland, 4a7; Virginia 4a9; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf, 5a18; Connecticut Seed Leaf, 7a30; Manufactured Nos 1, 2, and 3, 14a31.

COAL—Duty 30 per ct—Schuylkill W A lump per ton $4,50a4,81; Prepared $4,50a4,66; Red Ash $4,75a5; Lehigh lump $5,00; Prepared $5,00; by retail do $6; Schuylkill prepared $5,50.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.

No. 90 South Fourth Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Loans. | | | Phil Ger & Nor | 51 | 52 |
| U S 6 per ct '56 | 103 | — | Reading | 39 | 39 |
| " " '62 | 110 | — | " preferred | — | — |
| " " '67 | 117 | 117½ | Minehill | 63½ | 65 |
| " " '68 | 117 | 117½ | Har & Lan | 54½ | 57 |
| " 5 " '65 | 102 | 103 | Phil & Sun | — | — |
| Int. off. | | | Chester Valley | 9¼ | 9½ |
| Phila 6 per ct | 98½ | 98¾ | Tioga | 18 | — |
| " 5 " | [illegible] | [illegible] | " preferred | | |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | 88 | 90 | P W & Balt | 33 | 35 |
| Pitts, 6 pr ct | [illegible] | 91 | Sun & Erie | | |
| " " c'upon | [illegible] | 91 | Long Island | 17 | 17½ |
| Alle'gy city 6 pr ct | 73 | [illegible] | CANAL STOCKS. | | |
| " county " | 70½ | 77 | Schuyl Nav | 21 | 21½ |
| Alle co R R 6's | 80 | 70 | " pref'd | 30 | 31 |
| Penna 6 pr ct '70 | 91 | 92 | Lehigh Nav | 62½ | 70 |
| " 5 " | [illegible] | [illegible] | Morris | 13½ | 14½ |
| " " coupon | 91 | 92 | " pref'd | 90 | 92 |
| Tenn 6 per ct | 91 | 94 | C & Del | — | — |
| " 5 " | 90 | 100 | Union | 10½ | 11 |
| " " coupon | 91 | 92 | Sus & Tidewater | 11 | 11½ |
| Clncin 6 pr ct | 91 | 92 | BANK STOCKS. | | |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 100 | 106 | North Amer | 150 | 165 |
| Illinois 6 " | — | — | Penna | 117 | 120 |
| St Louis 6 pr ct | 90 | 90 | Philada | 136 | 139 |
| Texas Reg Notes | 38 | 60 | Far & Mec | 70½ | 71 |
| Penna R R 6 pr ct 1st mort | 100 | 100½ | Commercial | 60½ | 62½ |
| C&Am R R 6 pr ct | 96½ | 96 | N Liberty | 60 | — |
| Sun Mw R R " | 80 | 83 | Mechanics | 29½ | 30½ |
| P G & N R R " | — | 96 | Southwark | 70 | — |
| Reading R R " | 95 | 97 | P Township | 36 | 38 |
| " Mort " | 90 | 90 | Kensington | 66 | 69 |
| H & Lan R R " | 91½ | 93 | Girard | 12½ | 12¾ |
| P & E R R 7 pr ct | 70 | 78 | Western | 63½ | 66 |
| Ches Val R R " | 30 | 40 | Man & Mechs | 30 | 31 |
| Tioga R R " | 70 | 81 | Commerce | 60 | 72 |
| Phil Wil & Bal | 90 | 90 | Tradesmen's | 60 | — |
| '60 N R R 6 per ct | — | — | United States | 1¼ | 2 |
| Long I R R " | 70½ | 80 | Pittsburg | 56 | 57 |
| Sch Nav '70 " | 77 | 77½ | M & M Pitts | 60½ | 65 |
| Lehigh Nav " | 88½ | 90 | Exch'ge Pitts | 57 | 60½ |
| " Mort " | 90 | 90 | Kentucky | 104 | 107 |
| C & D Cl " | 75 | 85 | Northern, Ky | 106 | 107 |
| Sus & Tid '78 " | 64½ | 65½ | Louisville, Ky | 100 | — |
| RAILROAD STOCKS. | | | Farmers, Ky | 95 | 96 |
| Cam & Am | 130 | 137½ | Union, N'sh, Tenn | 95 | — |
| Penna | 43½ | 45½ | Plant's, Tenn | 95 | 99 |
| Sun Mdw | 60½ | 67 | Com & R Vicks | 10 | 10½ |
| | | | N O Gas Lt | 110 | 111 |


A GREAT BLESSING TO THE AFFLICTED.

☞ The number and formidable character of diseases of the Liver have long challenged the attention of medical men. Some of these diseases, classed under the general term of Consumption, have been supposed incurable, and the unhappy patient allowed to die, without medical science to offer him a hope of recovery. Happily this can no longer be the case. A remedy has been found which will cure all complaints, of whatever character, arising from derangement of the Liver. The Pills discovered by Dr. M'Lane, of Virginia, act directly on the Liver; and by correcting its operation and purifying it from disease, cuts off and extirpates the complaints which have their origin in the diseases of this organ. Remedies hitherto proposed for liver complaints, have failed to operate upon the seat of the disease; but Dr. M'Lane's Pills make themselves felt, upon the action of the Liver, and by cleansing the fountain, dry up the impure streams of disease which thence derive their existence.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 59


## ALMANAC.

| March, 1855. | SUN RISES | SUN SETS | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 Saturday, | 6 14 | 5 46 | 6 50 | |
| 11 Sunday, | 6 13 | 5 47 | 7 46 | |
| 12 Monday, | 6 11 | 5 49 | 8 36 | |
| 13 Tuesday, | 6 10 | 5 50 | 9 30 | D. H. M. |
| 14 Wed'sday, | 6 9 | 5 52 | 10 7 | Full 3 4 56 |
| 15 Thursday, | 6 7 | 5 54 | 12 2 | Last 11 8 47 |
| 16 Friday, | 6 6 | 5 54 | 12 51 | New 17 11 26 |
| 17 Saturday, | 6 4 | 5 56 | 1 30 | First 25 6 17 |

# Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN APPLEBEE, to Miss ANGELINE ATKINSON, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. David W. Bartine, Mr. JOSEPH RHOADS, to Miss JOSEPHINE MATLACK, both of this city.

On the 21th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, to JUDITH THOMPSON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of Jan. by the Rev. David W. Bartine, Mr. JOHN E. MUNTER, to Miss ANNA E. NORMAN, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Clark, Mr. ANTHONY ELTON, Jr. to Miss LYDIA C. STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. R. A. JORDAN, to MARY ANN C. daughter of R. J. Maynard, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. Roche, Captain JOSEPH S. CASTO, of Bridgeport, N. J. to Miss ELIZABETH HALEY, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN P. W. DRUTHA, to Miss ELIZA MCALLISTER, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CALEB JACKSON, to Miss ELIZA J. BERRESON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. GEORGE W. MAGEE, to Miss KATE WIDDIFIELD, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, at Frankford, by the Rev. W. M. Whitehead, Mr. PETER FARMER, to Miss MARTHA L. SPROULES, both of Frankford.

On the 27th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor Conrad, GEORGE STEELE, to ELIZABETH S. daughter of Levi Townsend of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM K. HARVEY, to Miss HESTER YATES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Mecaskey, Mr. WILLIAM H. LUNDELL, to Miss MARY PUTNAM, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CHAS P. COPE to Miss AMANDA MOISE, daughter of Capt. H. Moise, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. G. R. Crooks, Mr. SAMUEL T. HUNGERFORD, to Miss AMELIA A. GOODMAN, all of this city.

On the 3d of Dec. by the Rev. Jos. Sewell, Mr. MARK L. ENGLISH, of Atlantic county, N. J. to Miss ANN E. DAVIS, of this city.

In Delaware county, Pa. on the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. B. Hard, WILLIAM BOTTOMLY, to Miss ALICE KERSHAW.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. WARD DAVIS, to Miss LYDIA ANN MEHS, both of Spring Garden.

# Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d ult. Mrs. ANN C. K[illegible], aged 32 years and 9 months.

On the 28th ult. JOSEPH GRIMES, Sr. aged 73 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY A. PALMER, aged 36.

On the 27th ult. THOMAS SHERIDAN, aged 31 years.

On the 28th ult. GEORGE GEISINGER, aged 54.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY A. KESSLER, aged 27.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ELLEN LEMON, aged 51 years.

On the 28th ult. MARY, wife of Henry Sutton, aged 38 years.

On the 28th ult. ADELAIDE LOUISA, daughter of Wm. W. and Phoebe Hankinson, aged 1 months.

On the 27th ult. JOSEPH WILLIAM, son of Joseph and Hannah C. Yarger, aged 5 years and 1 months.

On the 28th ult. MARY EMMA, daughter of Catharine and the late J. B. Maxwell, aged 9 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY KING, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ult. ELEANOR CRIMBINE, aged 21 years.

On the 28th ult. SARAH W. wife of N. Rittenhouse, Jr. aged 42 years.

On the 28th ult. ALBERT DICK, son of Albert D. and Mary A. Bowen, aged 7 years.

On the 28th ult. ELIZABETH, wife of Peter P. Bisbing aged 56 years.

On the 27th ult. FRED JUPPENLATZ, aged 75 years.

On the 28th ult. JOHN GARVIN, aged 27 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. BRIDGET CALANAN, aged 60.

On the 28th ult. Mrs SARAH RUBNER, aged 70 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN, son of Joseph and Elizabeth M. Sherrard, aged 16 months.

On the 27th ult. CATHARINE GITTMAN, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 27th ult. CATHARINE, daughter of Jas. Curren, aged 21 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. JOHN N. MORRON, aged 47 years.

On the 27th ult. MARY ANN, wife of John Metz, aged 29 years.

On the 27th ult. ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of James and Elizabeth S. Sulers, aged 13 months.

At Beverly, N. J. on the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARY MCCARTY.

On the 25th ult. SARAH M. SLATER, aged 57 years.

In Camden, on the 26th ult. CHARLES HENRY, son of Alex. and Susanna Ludlow, aged 1 years.

On the 26th ult. JOHN P. ARMSTRONG, aged 60.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. JANE KIRKPATRICK, aged 58.

On the 26th ult. ANNA MARY, daughter of Chas. and Ellen R. Mathes, aged 4 years and 2 months.

On the 27th ult. CHARLES HENRY, son of Jacob and Maria Fees, aged 4 years.

On the 26th ult. Mr. THOMAS DANLEY, aged 41 years.

On the 25th ult. CHARLOTTE HAWKES, aged 14 years.

On the 25th ult. ADA, daughter of T. Ellwood and M. A. Gaskill, aged 2 years.

On the 24th ult. EMMA MATILDA, daughter of Adam and Sarah Bender, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 25th ultimo, Miss RACHEL S. TRIMBLE, aged 83 years.

On the 27th ult. ROBERT LARCH.

# Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS, No. 22 S. Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1855.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **PENNSYLVANIA.** | | **SOUTH CAROLINA.** | |
| Solvent banks | par to ¼ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Relief notes | par to ½ dis | **GEORGIA.** | |
| **NEW JERSEY.** | | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Solvent banks | par to ¼ dis | Bk St Mary's | 70 dis |
| **DELAWARE.** | | Merchants, Macon, | failed |
| Solvent banks | par | Atlanta, | 10 dis |
| Under 5's | ¼ dis | **ALABAMA.** | |
| Bk Milford | failed | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| **MARYLAND.** | | **MISSISSIPPI.** | |
| Solvent banks | par to ¼ dis | All banks | uncertain |
| Salisbury; Havre de Grace; Far & Millers | failed | **LOUISIANA.** | |
| Far & Mec Bk, Kent Co. | 25 dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Valley bk Hagerstown | 1 dis | **OHIO.** | |
| **DIS. OF COLUMBIA.** | | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Exchange Bank | 50 dis | Com. Bk., Toledo, | 5 dis |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Ohio Savings bk | failed |
| **NEW YORK.** | | Bk of Wooster | 60 dis |
| Solvent banks | par to ¼ dis | Bk of Norwalk | 60 dis |
| 8th Avenue bk | 10 dis | Bk Massillon | failed |
| Knickerbocker bk | ¼ dis | Bk of Circleville | 25 dis |
| Lewis co bk | no sale | Canal Bk, Cleveland | 5 dis |
| James bk | 25 dis | City Bk of Columbus | 5 dis |
| New Rochelle | 30 dis | Mec & Tra Bk Cin | 5 dis |
| Far Bk, Onondaga | 50 dis | Sandusky City Bk | 5 dis |
| Mec & Man Bank, Oswego | 30 dis | **KENTUCKY.** | |
| Drovers Bk, Ogdensburg | 5 dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Ex'ge Bk, Buffalo | 30 dis | Commercial Bank | ¼ dis |
| Empire City bk | ½ dis | Newport Safety Fund | failed |
| Central bk | ¼ dis | Kentucky Trust Co | do |
| **MAINE.** | | **INDIANA.** | |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | State bk | 1½ dis |
| Mousam river bk | 5 dis | Small notes | 3 dis |
| Ellsworth bk | 50 dis | Free bks | 10 to 25 dis |
| Ship-builders' bk | 75 dis | Bk Connersville | 25 dis |
| Bk of Mattowell | ½ dis | **ILLINOIS.** | |
| **NEW HAMPSHIRE.** | | Solvent Free Banks | 5 dis |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | Phenix, Chicago | 60 dis |
| **VERMONT.** | | Far Bk, Chicago | 60 dis |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | Union Bk Chicago | 60 dis |
| Bank Bk Bennington | 60 dis | City Bank do | 60 dis |
| **CONNECTICUT.** | | Bank of Naperville | 25 dis |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | **MISSOURI.** | |
| Woodbury Bank, | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| **MASSACHUSETTS.** | | **TENNESSEE.** | |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | Solvent banks | 2½ dis |
| Cochituate Bank | 75 dis | Farmers' and Merchants', Memphis | failed |
| **RHODE ISLAND.** | | **MICHIGAN.** | |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | Solvent banks | 5 dis |
| **CANADA.** | | Washtenaw | no sale |
| Solvent banks | 1½ dis | Erie and Kalamazoo bank | 95 dis |
| Far Joint Stock Bk | failed | Gov'ment Stock bk | no sale |
| **VIRGINIA.** | | **ARKANSAS.** | |
| Solvent banks | 1½ dis | All bks | no sale |
| **NORTH CAROLINA.** | | **WISCONSIN.** | |
| Solvent banks | 2 dis | Solvent banks | 10 dis |
| | | **TEXAS.** | |
| | | Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston | 25 per cent |


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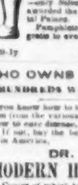

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Dr. R. Hooker, Rogers' Store, Wake Co., N. C., Oct. 26, 1852, says: "Having experienced very great benefit from your use of 'Hoofland's German Bitters,' in Chronic Dysentery and functional derangements of the Liver and its concomitant evils, I am desirous of obtaining a quantity of it for the benefit of my community. You will therefore, please send a lot, &c., &c."

*Certificate of WM. J. ATWOOD.*

HUNGERVILLE, Yadkin Co., N. C. Nov. 1st, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—Allow me to express to you my sincere thanks for your discovery of a medicine, which, to say the least of it, has effected a cure, that all other medicines I had tried, had entirely failed to do. "Hoofland's German Bitters" have cured me of the most stubborn and aggravated case of the Piles, that perhaps, ever fell to the lot of man. My case is not a stranger to this community, as I am well known in this and the surrounding counties, and can truly say that my recovery has astonished all my friends and relations, as I had tried everything recommended, and nothing did me any good until I was prevailed upon to try the Bitters. You are at liberty to make any use of this communication, for the benefit of the afflicted, you may think proper. Truly yours, WILLIAM J. ATWOOD.

These Bitters are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, they invigorate and strengthen the system, never prostrate it, and can be used for Infants as well as adults. dec23-1y For sale by respectable dealers everywhere.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

IS FREE from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia. A World's Fair Medal and four First Premiums Silver Medals have been awarded for it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country store keepers generally, and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND, N. W. corner of Third and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia. It

# Selected Poetry.

## THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than live to want, to sin, to struggle
Vainly still, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace were flown,
Ere thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his Heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint, that late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear,
Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, like God's bright Angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when His children
Bring His poor ones joy and peace!
Listen, nearer while she sings
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

—*Household Words.*

# Pictures of Life.

## THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW HOUSE.

BY MARY IRVING.

[This beautiful sketch appeared some years ago, in the "Friend of Youth." We re-publish it as well for its own merits, as to make our readers a little acquainted with its author, who is now enlisted among the contributors of the Post.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"Dear me, James! I do believe this old house will be tumbling down on all our heads, before the year is out."

So spoke an anxious-looking little woman, the mother of nine children, and mistress of a house an hundred years old, to her sturdy farmer-husband, James Appleton. James junior, otherwise called "Jemmy," the youngest but one of the nine scamperers, had just overset grandmamma's work-table, in his haste to catch the black brush of pussy's tail; and the shock had dislodged a triangle of "plastering" from the roof of the room, cracked and seamed by time. This had fallen directly upon the breakfast-table, to the manifest danger of mamma's cups and saucers, not to speak of the head of the baby, who sat tied in his high chair, finishing his crust, after all others had deserted him.

Mr. Appleton looked up quite coolly, and replied,

"Twill save a deal of trouble in pulling it down, then!"

"And break all our dishes, meanwhile, besides our necks!" returned his wife, as she swept the fallen fragments from the cloth. "I wish it was safely down, for one!"

"Oh, papa, do tear it down this spring, won't you?" cried Laura and Eben, the oldest girl and boy, springing to his side at the word.—"We can live so nicely in the shop, you know, while the other house is building."

"And then have a nice *new home!*" exclaimed Sarah, the second daughter.

"Yes—and this is such an old thing!" added Laura, looking quite disdainfully around her. The other children had clustered about the group by this time; every eye followed sister Laura's, and seven tongues echoed in seven different tones, "Such an old thing!"

"Child'en!" It was grandmamma who spoke this from her corner, in a voice a little tremulous. "Child'en, it's many a one hasn't so tight a ruff as this to cover 'em!"

This was a slight reproof, as kindly taken as it had been given. It silenced the children, however, for the moment, except Eben, who whispered to Laura,

"Grandma is most as old as the house, isn't she? I wonder if she don't feel bad to be reminded of being so old?"

"I don't know," whispered Laura, in return, a little thoughtfully. "I dare say so.—Here, Jemmy and Sue, come help pick up grandma's spools."

Just here the father laid down his newspaper with an energetic rattling, and folding his hands above his head, spoke in a tone that aroused all ears,

"Wife and mother! I've pretty much made up my mind to build this next season—what say?"

"I say, by all means!" answered the wife; but her words were hardly distinguishable in the renewed shouts of the young ones, "Good! Hurrah!" &c.

"Hush!—you!" exclaimed the father.—"Well, mother, what's *your* mind about it?"

Grandmamma lifted her eyes from the gray stocking she was knitting, and one tear rolled down the furrows of her cheek. She cleared her throat, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"I s'pose it may as well be done now as ever—and mabbe it's best so!" she said, with a sort of sigh of resignation.

"Why, grandma! to be sure!" cried Sarah, in a tone of surprise. "To have a new house!"

"And you shall have a dear new little bedroom in it," added Laura, more gently; "a room on the ground floor, so that you won't have to keep going up and down stairs to your chamber. I saw it in papa's plan, and it was marked 'Mother's Room.'"

"You're very kind, Jem," said old Mrs. Appleton, to her son; and she went knitting on very fast, without, however, seeming much cheered by the assurance Laura had given.

As I have said, the house was a hundred years old. It was built soon after the first settlement was made in the town of R——, among the stony hills of the Granite State.—Its framer, the great-grandfather of Laura Appleton, no doubt thought he had accomplished a mighty work when he put up the last clapboard, and took his family from their log house of one room, into the unplastered, unfinished, barn-like "new house;" for the old house was new then. He was poor, and could not fit up his "shingle palace" within; and so his family shivered in it winter after winter, until they became accustomed to cold draughts from cracks and crannies, and to coals snapping from the wide-gaping fire-place, which sent up heat in the centre of the chimney, and drew down cold air on either side.

Lemuel Appleton, son of the first builder, had "revised and improved" the mansion before bringing to its wide hearthstone his young wife—the "grandmamma" of later days.—Since that day it had undergone many repairs and alterations, being enlarged as children clustered around the young couple. Now those children had grown into men and women, and were scattered far and wide over the country—all but one, the youngest of all, who sheltered his home circle under the decaying roof of the "old homestead."

Now, his nine noisy children had outgrown the low rooms and narrow stairways, as their mother thought. Certainly any stranger would have wondered where beneath that roof so many flaxen heads found room to be stowed away nightly.

The days of the old house were numbered. On the very morning of which I have spoken, the father commenced the work of destruction, by removing an old chest of drawers, little used, that had formerly been his grandmother's, into a niche of "the shop" near by. Bureaus, closets, and chairs followed, as day after day went by, with all such looser articles as could be spared from daily use. The old house was searched from garret to cellar, by at least a dozen pair of prying eyes, as it had never been searched since the day of its "house-warming," a hundred years before. So many discoveries as were made! So many lost and forgotten treasures and trifles as revealed themselves in nooks and dark corners! So many old letters and lockets, with "trumpery" of all kinds, as Laura's mamma called it, did Laura hoard away in her trunk for her own private investigation!

The days of the old house were finished as well as numbered. The last one came. In the morning, the beds, trundle-bed and cradle,

# Winter Scenes.

"Now, then, sir, when you've done with that 'ere piece o' hice, I'll take it."

were carried into the already crowded lower room of the shop. Grandma's rocking-chair followed; and after dinner, the sooty queen of the back kitchen, the cracked cooking-stove, disgorged its throatful of ashes, and went mournfully after, borne on the shoulders of one man and two boys.

One tin dipper, one cup and saucer, six blue plates, a knife-box and a broken table, composed the whole stock of furniture now left.—With the help of these articles, the Appletons succeeded in making a last meal of bread and cheese, in their old homestead, keeping themselves merry by jokes upon the tea-service.—After this final supper, James Appleton bundled baby up well in a couple of window-curtains, the last of their kind; mamma put her apron over her head, and took up plates, cup and saucer; grandma brushed the crumbs carefully from the old table, into the tin dipper, and put the knife-box over it; and all went in procession out of the old house. The limping table was soon helped out by Eben and Joseph, and the "home" was empty.

It was not long left so, however, for the young Appletons, after establishing baby in his shop quarter, hurried back to carry out a plan which they had proposed to themselves some weeks before; namely, to have a grand carouse by moonlight, in the deserted and doomed old house.

"Come over with us, father, won't you?" asked Joseph, very confidently.

"No," answered the father, leaning his head on his hand, as though fatigued. "I don't feel much like it!"

The spirits of the children were too high to be lowered by this reply; and over they rushed, headed by Master Eben.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, as he jumped in. A faint echo seemed to come from all sides of the kitchen, such as he had never noticed when it had been filled. It would almost have frightened him, had he been alone. But the glad voices and dancing feet of his brothers and sisters soon drowned these echoes of desolation.

They played "hide and seek," "blindman's buff," and "hunt the slipper," danced, skipped, sang, and screamed, until the far-away village bell struck for "nine." Involuntarily, all looked up for the clock to strike; but it was gone, and they knew that it was time for them, too, to go.

"Let's have a grand good-bye salute," cried Eben. And away they scampered, up into the bare chambers. "Good-bye—good-bye, old house!" they shouted uproariously into every corner. A startled mouse sprang out at the sound, and shot across the loose boards of the floor.

"Ha! Mrs. Mousey! you won't have your house much longer! Hurrah!" And down stairs they went, pell-mell, into the street, and across it. Ten minutes later, half of them lay in their beds upon the floor, whither the other half seemed preparing to follow—all except Laura, the eldest.

She had laughed and danced with the rest, quite as merrily as any. But the excitement had died away with her soonest, and a "sober second thought" made her feel that she should like to bid the old house a different kind of "good-bye." So, putting a handkerchief over her head, she stole across.

She was not a timid girl, nor was she afraid of the dark shadows which the moonbeams threw on the stripped walls. But the echo of her steps solemnized her; and, just then, a little noise overhead quite startled her.

"It is the mouse," she thought; "how silly I am!" But she was not quite satisfied, and was standing at the foot of the stairs, questioning whether she dared go up, when the sounds came nearer, and, much to her relief, her grandmamma's snowy cap peered down in the moonlight.

"It's you, is it, dear?" she called, kindly. "Come up, Laury."

"Why, grandma, what kept you up so late?" asked the girl, in some surprise.

"It's hard getting to sleep under a strange ruff," sighed the good old lady. Laura saw that her lip quivered, and in a moment she thought of all that this old house must have been to grandmamma; the home of sixty loving years. Her own eyes filled with tears.

"Dear grandma," she cried, putting her arms about the neck of the best old lady, "indeed the new house will be a great deal prettier than this, and a great deal better for you!"

"I dare say—I dare say, deary. There's 'a time to break down, and a time to build up,' so the good word says. But I didn't think to have lived to see it! Well-a-day! 'twill soon come for the 'tenement of clay!'"

Laura, who but half understood this last expression, stood trying to cheer the old lady, who soon permitted her to lead her to the door of the chamber. She stopped there, and turned her head around once.

"Was that always your room, grandma?" asked Laura as they went out.

"'Twas my bride-chamber," replied the grandmother. "My good man, your grandfather that's at rest, was born in it, and every one of his children. They're gone—gone!"—and she fell into a sort of reverie, as they walked along to the shop.

* * * * *

In a little chamber of that shop, five months after, the good old lady lay upon her dying bed. She had faded away, from day to day, so gradually, that the younger members of the family knew nothing of her danger, and the older ones did not realize that their dear friend was so near the angels.

"You'll be better to-morrow, grandma, won't you?" asked Laura, coming up to the bed-side. "Father says the plastering is all but dry in the chambers, and we can move into the new house in a day more. Oh! how glad I shall be! You will be so much more comfortable than you are in this stived up place."

Grandmamma had not talked much for several days. Still, she retained her senses perfectly, and she smiled kindly on her child nurse.

"Deary!" she spoke with an effort, in a few moments.

"What, grandma?" exclaimed Laura, startled by the huskiness of her voice.

"Call James," she said. Laura ran to summon her parents, who were busy in the arrangements of the new house.

"What, is grandma worse?" asked Mrs. Appleton, turning from a carpet-rug, over which she had been puzzling her wits for the past ten minutes. "Dear me! this pattern never will match, anyhow I can fix it! Worse, did you say, Laura?"

"Indeed, I'm afraid so, ma. She can't hardly speak, and she looks so pale. I wish you'd come!"

"Well, she don't talk much, you know. But I'll come right over. Your father has gone—hasn't he?"

James Appleton was already at his mother's bed-side. He saw in a moment that a change had come over her, and called his wife and children immediately.

She was dying, but so gently and sweetly, that there was nothing to terrify. She smiled as kindly as ever—glanced around on the startled little ones, and then put out her withered hand to each; but her speech was almost gone.

She pointed through the window, as her son, at her request, lifted her in his arms, to the new house, which stood white and glittering in the sunshine, and feebly articulated, "Another—house!" then sank back, and gently fell into her "long sleep."

A burst of grief from little Jemmy broke the silence. He had been grandma's pet, and he could not bear to see her lying so pale and still. Poor little fellow, he never had seen death before. His mother, with tears in her own eyes, carried him out, and the children followed, weeping, one by one.

The first evening in the new house was passed very differently from the last evening in the old. That morning the body of grandmamma had been laid to rest, beside that of the husband she loved, in the church-yard. Sad and tearful, the family returned; and the children silently busied themselves in carrying the remains of the furniture to their new house, with scarcely a thought of joy. Grandma had not been a stern, dreaded tyrant to them. She had been a kind nurse in sickness, and sympathizer in trouble; and for this, they loved her yet.

Supper had been eaten without any words. The father sat down by the new stove, in which a fire was smouldering—for it was a cool evening in autumn. The children came about him, and Sarah laid her curly head on his shoulder.

"If grandma had only lived to come into the new house!" she exclaimed, regretfully.

Her father put his arm around her.

"Grandma is better off," he said, with a sigh.

"Father, what did she mean, by 'another house?'" asked Joseph, in a low tone, after a pause. "Not her grave, was it?"

"That is not so good as our new house," said simple little Phebe.

"Her house is in Heaven, dear," spoke up mamma, who was rocking the baby to sleep in "grandma's chair." "Don't you remember where it says, 'In my father's house are many mansions?' Grandma, we believe, was a good Christian woman, and she has gone to one of those mansions."

"Grandma's earthly house had grown almost as old as our old homestead," added James Appleton. "You were glad enough, all of you children, when the time came for the old timbers to be torn apart. They had done good service in their day. But you knew that you were to have a better house. So with your grandmamma. She has lived her day, and done all the good she could do. God has shaken down her 'old house,' and we have buried it in the grave. Are you sorry that He has taken her to a better home?"

He brushed away a son's tear as he ended. All the children were silent, except little Phebe, who looked up as if puzzled.

"Will g'an'ma have room for us in her new house?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, I hope so," replied her father, stroking her head. "We must live such lives as grandma lived, and pray as grandma prayed, if we would go to her—she cannot come again to us. But it is time for prayers, I think, Jemmy must be going to bed.

"Sit down, all of you, and I will read."

The children obeyed, and the father read that sublime chapter in Corinthians, commencing, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

"I shall not wish grandma in our new house again," said Sarah, as she laid her head on her pillow that night.

"No, indeed," answered Laura, wiping her eyes, and glancing up in the moonlight that streamed through the uncurtained window.

Laura knelt down, after Sarah had gone to sleep, and prayed that her grandma's "new house" in Heaven might be *hers*, when the "earthly house" of her spirit should have grown old, like hers, and tottered to decay.

A pleasant, happy life, the children have lived since then, in that "new house." May they all meet in a better home, that never will grow old!

# Selected Articles.

## WAKULLA SPRING IN FLORIDA.

After many months of weary wandering, writes a correspondent of the Providence Journal, my friend and I found ourselves, on a pleasant morning in March, in the little capital of Florida. While we were enjoying our coffee with a number of gentlemen, one of them asked, "Have you been to Wakulla?" We were obliged to confess that we had never heard of such a place. With a look of astonishment, he proceeded to recount its wonders. We listened as incredulously as you, dear reader, are about to listen to my description. We resolved to visit the spot; and presuming, with all due respect for your extensive geographical knowledge, that you know no more of them than we did, I make no apology for giving you an account of our visit to the wonderful fountain. * * * * * *

Our road, which presented the usual variety of sand and stumps, lay through an almost unbroken pine forest. We saw scarcely a brook or a spring on the road to warn us of our approach to the great fountain of Wakulla. At length, after driving some miles, we reached a beautiful grove. Taking a narrow path, we passed through some dense underwood; and suddenly we were standing on the edge of a basin of water, about one hundred yards in diameter. It is almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads beneath its surface. We stepped into a skiff, and pushed off from the shore. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked how far I supposed they were beneath the surface. I replied, "About four feet." He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in water forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged, grayish limestone cliff beneath us. It was pierced with holes; through these openings we seemed to look into unfathomable depth. The boat moved slowly on. We hung trembling over the edge of a sunken precipice, and far, far below it, lay a dark, yawning, unfathomed abyss. From its gorges came pouring forth with immense velocity a living river. Our little boat, floating on an element as transparent as the air above, seemed hovering mid-way between two worlds.

Pushing on just beyond this mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet deep, and saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems indeed incredible. The water must possess a magnifying power, for if such a piece of money were lying at the foot of a tower one hundred and ninety feet in height, it could not be seen so plainly from the summit. We now moved on towards the south side of the basin, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fishes that were darting hither and thither, the long, flexile roots, and the wide bladed, luxuriant grasses upon the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell, occasioned by the motion of our skiff, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around. All seemed magical and unreal. The boyish dreams which I used to have, after reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, were actualized. A more fairy scene I can scarcely conceive. * * * * * * *

The Indian name for this spring is wonderfully significant. Wakulla means "the Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers of this fountain plunged into it with almost frantic joy. They supposed they had found the long sought "Fons Juventutis," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them after exhausting marches and battles.

PERSONAL WEAKNESSES.—Suetonius tells us that Caligula and Augustus were the most abject cowards in a thunder-storm; and the Bishop of Langres, D'Escaro, fell in a fainting-fit whenever an eclipse took place, a weakness which at length proved his death.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SILVIO PELLICO.

The late death of Silvio Pellico removed one of the corner-stones from modern Italian poetry; the loss is much felt. Poor Pellico! Incarcerated ten years of his life for the liberality of his political opinions, was in religion a narrow bigot. Not the only example where these extremes have met, in Italian patriots. Michael Angelo, who fought like a lion for the liberty of his country, was priest-led like a lamb, into obedience to superstitious mummery.

Pellico was quite as celebrated for his effective prose-writings, as for dramas and other poetry. *Le Mie Prigioni*, written during his confinement in Spielberg, is widely known in Europe and America. There is a charm in this book, which is easier felt than accounted for. It is not in anywise a great work, though one which has great power over the reader. A proof that the daily interior history of a human soul, however monotonous, will find response in the general heart, and awaken a particular interest that works on subjects relating to outer life, however stirring, cannot do. There is not throughout the book one fine, or profound passage; little incident varies its pages; and, in short, nothing remarkable occurs in it; yet it has all the unction of a living, suffering spirit, and the irresistible force of simple naturalness. It has found its way to the human bosom all over; brought friends to the author from all parts, and won for him many more than ever declared themselves. To some of the softer sex it became the embodiment of their ideal of its author.

A young English girl of good family, on reading it, became so in love with the picture which her warm imagination drew of Pellico, as to leave her home in search of him. She arrived at Turin with the full intention of laying herself and her fortune at his feet. Young enthusiasm stays not for conventional rules. She sought at once the hospitable Marquis Barolo, where the poet found his home, and was ushered into his presence, her heart beating with the rapid pulse of loving expectation. Seeing before her a little shriveled, stooping man of forty, with spectacles and bald head, she inquired of him eagerly for Silvio—at the same time looking earnestly about in search of the dark-haired, languishing-eyed Italian poet, which her fancy painted him. "Behold the man," said Pellico, nothing daunted by the lady's sad surprise. She fell into the chair offered her, her bright dreams falling to nothing at her feet, and the sober actual staring her in the face! Poor damsel! She had come for something—that was evident—*what* had she come for, was now the question?

The charitable soul of good Pellico thought of anything but love—save love for all mankind, womankind only included in the lump. "She never told her love!" i. e. she did not tell it *then*, and why was she there? Something came tremblingly from her lips about *Le Mie Prigioni*, and Pellico then only thought what he had heard, true, that English maids were patterns of modesty. He did his best, however,—his best was not the least awkward—to raise the young lady's courage to speaking pitch, and thanked her methodically for compliments on his writings. She felt, to say the least, in a *reactive* state of mind and heart, sought her lodgings and went to bed. She had no *dreams* that night! The next day, Pellico, of course, returned her call. In conversation, the very soul she had so sympathetically embodied in fancy, seemed all at once to beam out from his sunken eyes. She saw the dried up case which enclosed it no longer, and in a fresh fit of enthusiasm, declared her passion, offering the hero of Spielberg a generous maiden hand and heart. He regarded her pitifully a moment, and then broke out into a discourse on love—its nature, its principles, and effects—so eloquent, so convincing, that the poor young lady saw, for the first time, the *difference* between love and caprice, and *felt*, for the first time, that she loved *him*—not her ideal Silvio—but that such as *he* could never love her. She returned to England a wiser maiden than she came, and if not more in love, more capable of loving—more worthy of love.

Silvio Pellico was one of the few Italians who were incapable of taking advantage of any weakness in woman. He was emphatically a pure and true man, and though he never married, his discourses on love and matrimony declare his deep capability of love, and just idea of the married state. He was a man of sympathies, and of course awakened sympathy. It is said that other ladies besides the tender *Anglaise* offered him devoted hearts, but as he did not take advantage of such offers, neither did he boast of them. On returning to Turin from his long imprisonment, he was received into the bosom of the noble family there, where he lived until his decease. Here he was visited by the celebrated Madame Luriasco, of Amsterdam, whose enthusiasm to see him was also incited by his prison memory. This rich and gifted lady had the misfortune to learn on arriving at Turin, that Silvio was very ill—He, however, consented to see her, and she was admitted to his sick chamber. Throwing herself on her knees by his bedside, she took his offered hand and bathed it with her tears. He was suffering so violently with asthma that he tried in vain to speak; but his own sobs spoke deeper than words the grateful sense he had of this noble lady's devotion. The scene is said to have been most touching. This was a man, living or dying, to be loved. An *Italian*, "Indeed, in whom was no guile!"—*Correspondent Newark Advertiser.*

## THE TWO GRAVES.

Mournest thou for kindred dead,
Sleeping in their narrow bed,
Do thy sad tears start?
Oh! the grave o'er which *I* weep,
Keeping vigils long and deep,
Lies within my heart.
Buried there, 'mid sighs and tears,
Lie the hopes of other years,
Blossoms of an hour;
Memory sitteth by the tomb,
Mourning o'er the faded bloom
Of the withered flower.

O'er thy grave, the clouds at even
Hang like banners flung from Heaven
In the sunset light;
But the graves within my breast
Have no clouds in glory drest,
They are veiled in night;
Neither moon nor twinkling star
Smileth, from its home afar,
On the lowly bed;
Only Memory, watching, weeps
O'er the grave, where coldly sleeps
The Beautiful—my dead!

MIZPAH, in *Life Illustrated.*

A SIGNED CAT.—The New York and Erie Railroad Office, in this City, was on Thursday the scene of an incident which is worthy of being recorded with the events of the day—not only because it was a good joke, but because it bears on its face a moral.

An old man enters the office—in age apparently verging on three-score; his clothes are of coarse texture, ventilated in some places, and rather dingy withal; his head, with its long, gray locks, is covered with a hard-worn beaver; his face, the lower part of which is ornamented with a grizzly-gray beard, has an humble appearance, and his dull eyes have an imploring expression; he has a folded paper in his hand, and, advancing to the desk of the first clerk, he extends it.

*Clerk*—Go away, sir; I haven't anything for you.

*Old Man*—(Brightening up with a look of surprise)—But, sir—

*Clerk*—No *buts* about it, sir; I tell you I have nothing for you. Go out.

The old man, with a mingled look of surprise and indignation, passes on to the desk of another Clerk, and offers the paper.

*Clerk*—Don't interrupt me, sir; get out of the office; I give nothing to beggars.

The truth begins to reveal itself to the old man's understanding; that last word has rekindled the fires of his youth; his face glows, and his eyes flash with indignation; he is about to retort sharply upon the man who called him a "beggar," when a third party interferes, and directs him to the Cashier, to whom the old man hands the papers. The Cashier unfolds them, and finds, instead of begging certificates, New York and Erie Railroad Income Bonds to the amount of *ten thousand dollars!* Cashier looks surprised—the old man demands his money—Clerk No. 1 takes a seat on the cross-bar of his desk, out of sight—Clerk No. 2 turns red, purple and white by turns; the old man receives his money and makes a noisy exit, mumbling something about counter-jumpers and broadcloth.—*New York Tribune.*

WHICH HE WOULD TAKE.—A gentleman was once walking in a street, when he met a stone cutter whom he thus addressed:

"My good fellow, if the devil was to come now which of us would he take?"

After a little hesitation, the man replied:

"Me, sir."

Annoyed by this reply, the querist asked him for a reason.

"Because, yer honor, he would be glad to ketch meself—sure; and he'd have you at any time."

☞ One of the Emperors of Japan is said to have killed himself with immoderate laughing, on being told that the Americans were governed without a king.

# Wit and Humor.

## HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING PARIS.

Seize every opportunity of leaving traces of your visit, by carving your name, or at least your initials, on all the tombs and statues you can lay your hands on. In many of the churches you will find that chisels and tenpenny nails are kept on purpose to facilitate this weakness of the English. Should you be deterred at first by any silly scruple on the score of injuring a work of art, bear in mind that it cannot but be gratifying to the feelings of a Frenchman to see his national monuments thus bear the marks of the distant pilgrimages that are made to them.

Should you ever find it necessary to enter into conversation, you will find your phrase-book will remove all impediments of speech. The dialogues provide for every possible emergency, and the only danger is of their leading you into too great freedom of speech. Should your French ever fail you for a word, you will find that you may make yourself perfectly intelligible by speaking it in English with a strong foreign accent.

When you are in Paris, don't be a Parisian; carry your exclusiveness always prominently about with you; use the national expletive upon the slightest provocation; and lose no opportunity in giving lessons in the noble art of self-defence, for you know "*la boxe*" is little studied out of England, and may, therefore, be indulged in with impunity.

Let no idle fears of the custom-house deter you from executing whatever female commissions you have fortunately been favored with. The *douaniers* at Folkestone and Calais are all excessively polite, and you may pass any quantity of satin shoes, or Juvin's "six-and-a-quarter," by simply explaining they were bought for your own wearing. Bear in mind that "England expects every man will do his duty." So don't disgrace your country by acting otherwise.

Should you ever find yourself in want of ready money, recollect the British Ambassador has orders to cash all checks that are presented to him by Englishmen between the business hours of 3 and 5 A. M.

Bear in mind that continental railways make no charge for extra luggage. Therefore don't deprive yourself of any little comfort you are used to, such as a spring mattress or a shower-bath, because they make a few more packages in travelling.

If you happen to hold a commission in the Popshot Fencibles, don't forget to put your uniform into your portmanteau, as you will be sure to find it handy for a levee or review. You will also, of course, take care to let your moustache grow from the moment of your leaving Folkestone. The French, you should remember, are a military nation, and you cannot please them better than by assuming an intensely martial aspect and demeanor as long as you are with them.

You will, of course, be careful to leave your card upon the Emperor, the morning after your arrival. Every Englishman is expected to dine with him before leaving Paris. His palace, the Hôtel de Ville, is in the Calf Market.

When you go to see a church or other public edifice, do not scruple to bring off a few *souvenirs* of your visit. By lagging a little behind your party, you may easily slip away a bit or two of tapestry, or slip off the nose or little finger of a statue. The statue, it is true, will be ruined by your mutilation, but what's that to you? In all probability you will never have the chance of seeing it again.—*Punch's Almanac.*

PITCH INTO NICODEMUS.—A celebrated character of the State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife, who is an angel of a woman (as wives generally are,) proposed to read for him, to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"Oh, I don't care much what, anything you please."

"But have you no choice, my dear?"

"None in the world, love; please yourself."

"Shall I read you a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?"

"Oh, yes, that'll do very well."

"But what part of the Scriptures shall I read?"

"Any part you like, love."

"But, dear, you must have some choice, some little preference—we all have that."

"No, I have none in the world, dear; read any part you like best."

"But I would rather please you, dear John, and surely you have a preference."

"Well, well, dear, if you will please me, then *pitch into Nicodemus.*"

VIOLETTA AND ALLANDORF.—A ONE HORSE NOVEL.—Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something strangely familiar in those low rich tones. Their eyes met, his beaming with love and tenderness, hers with wild uncertainty.

"Violetta!"

"Allandorf!"

And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allandorf bent tenderly over her and bathed her pure white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though sudden joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a flail. Allandorf saw the aged patriarch, and with one leap cleared the bannisters and rushed down stairs. But Van Snort was not to be thus "done." He put after the flying Allandorf, and just as he was turning the corner of the red barn gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the "'tother side of Jordan!"

AN INTELLIGENT BANKER.—At a hearing before the Supreme Court of New York, recently, on the question of appointing a receiver to take charge of the affairs of the defunct Empire City Bank, Mr. Bininger, the President, was examined, but could not tell what the assets were, or what they amounted to. The close of his examination was as follows:

Judge—Were you not selected as president because you had the same name as your well known namesake, the grocer?

Answer—No.

Judge—What was the reason, then?

Answer—I do not know, but suppose it was because *I lived in the neighborhood of the bank.*

Judge—Have you had any experience in banking?

Answer—No.

Judge—Do you know anything about banking?

Answer—No.

Judge—Was that the reason you were appointed?

Answer—Yes.

EPITAPHS.—The following old epitaphs on talkative old maids are terse and expressive, especially the latter. We record them here as literary curiosities:

I.

"Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath."

II.

"Here lies, return'd to clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the first of May
Began to hold her tongue."

AN IRISH YANKEE.—A few days ago, during a criminal trial at Worcester, Mass., a brother of the defendant was called as a witness. He testified that *he* wrote a certain letter to his brother, but very soon swore that he could not write at all. Upon being questioned in regard to his having written the letter, he said that the letter was written under his directions, "by another man." Question, by District Attorney—"Who was the man?" Witness—"It was my *aunt!*" This reply, of course, produced a general laugh in Court, and the witness was informed that he might take his seat.

A WITTY LAWYER (!)—Dr. Bacon, of the Daybook, was recently sued by the proprietor of the Courier for a slander. The counsel for plaintiff perpetrated an admirable *jeu d'esprit*, which we have not seen recorded, but which is altogether too good to be lost.

"Gentlemen," said he to the jury, "gentlemen, the counsel on the other side is noted for his legal knowledge, and his acuteness as a practitioner; but in spite of all his knowledge and acuteness, gentlemen, he will find it very hard this time *to save his Bacon!*"

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.—A black man once went to Portland, and attended church. He went into a good pew, and the next neighbor asked the man who owned it why he put a nigger into his pew?

"Why, sir, he's a Haytien."

"Can't help that—he's black."

"Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that—he's black."

"He's worth a million of dollars."

"Introduce me."

☞ OPERATIC PROVERB.—You may engage a tenor, but you cannot make him sing.

# Agricultural.

## BALCO.

BALCO (9918,) red and white, calved February 28, 1849; sire, 4th Duke of York (10,167;) dam (Wild Eyes 18th,) by the 4th Duke of Northumberland (3649;) g. d. (Wild Eyes 9th,) by Duke of Northumberland (1940;) gr. g. d. (Wild Eyes 2nd,) by Belvidere (1706;) (Wild Eyes) by Emperor (1975;) by Wonderful (700;) by Cleveland (145;) by Butterfly (104;) by Mr. Hollon's Bull (313;) by Mr. Mowbray's Bull (3842;) by Mr. Masterman's Bull (422;) descended from Mr. Michael Dobson's stock.

BALCO (9918,) winner of the first prize in his class, at the New York State Agricultural Society Show in 1854; is the property of L. G. Morris and N. J. Becar, Mount Fordham, Westchester county, N. Y., and was bred by the celebrated breeder, Thos. Bates, of England. He was sold at his great sale in 1850, at 14 months old, to the Earl of Burlington, and brought double the price of any bull of his age. He was used by the Earl of Burlington one year, when the skillful and enterprising breeder, Mr. J. S. Tanqueray, saw his value, and purchased him; and from which gentleman Mr. Morris purchased him, in 1852, to be delivered the next year, with the promise to take him out of the country. He was imported in 1853, and at the Show of the New York State Agricultural Society of that year, where *Balco* was on *exhibition only*, the Committee on Short Horn Bulls recommended, for special notice, "the imported Bull, *Balco*, belonging to Messrs Morris & Becar, an animal destined to prove a valuable addition to the Short Horns of the United States, and place that valuable breed upon an equal footing with any which the world can produce."

BALCO is now for sale, as the celebrated *Duke of Glo'ster*, belonging to Mr. Morris, has arrived safely, and possesses much the same strain of blood.

## WHY GARDENS ARE MORE PERMANENTLY PRODUCTIVE THAN FARM FIELDS.

The possibility of rendering farm grounds intended for cereal crops, as permanently fertile as well-managed gardens usually are, is strongly insisted on by many writers. To the unreflecting farmer, their reasoning appears sound and sensible: but the difficulties in the way of securing the promised fertility are incomprehensible. He ploughs deep, pulverizes thoroughly, manures heavily, and yet, strange to tell, he cannot succeed in producing more than two, or, at farthest, three successive good crops of the same cereal on the same field. He finds a great deterioration both in quantity and quality, and finally abandons the theory, with a mind fully satisfied of the impracticability of rendering his fields productive for a long succession of cereal crops of the same kind. This seeming mystery is not so difficult of solution.

"All, or nearly all known plants impoverish the soil, principally during the period of their forming and maturing their seeds: and the cereal grasses owe their chief exhausting effects to the fact of their being grown mainly for the sake of their seeds."

The products of the garden, on the other hand, are grown for a different purpose. But few are permitted to run to seed, nearly all being cultivated for the succulent character of their leaves, stems or roots, and are generally removed from the soil at a stage of their growth when they carry away with them but little of the fertility which has not been drawn from the water and atmosphere. In addition to this, gardens are much more frequently and thoroughly pulverized and manured than fields intended for cereal crops, and as a consequence, a greater amount of chemical action, and more complete aeration are secured. After wheat is sown, but a trifling amount of further cultivation is practicable. The same may be said of rye, oats, barley, &c. Corn admits of, and indeed requires attention after planting, but the fields in which wheat and rye are sown, must necessarily be permitted to rest for nearly a twelve-month from the time of seeding, while the products of the garden, as a general thing, being required for the table before arriving at perfect maturity, are removed, the soil from which they are taken is re-dug, re-pulverized and re-manured twice or thrice during the same period, and thus, all the requisites of permanent fertility are brought to bear upon it.

DWARF PEARS.—As I have had a good deal of experience in raising dwarfs, and have a dwarf orchard of some 500 varieties, some years planted, I will give you some of my experience. I find on the true Angiers quince almost all the varieties grow freely, while on the common quince only a few will grow. Still, many varieties do not continue to grow in a healthy state for any length of time. If a tree gets once stunted, there is little chance of its ever recovering so as to be a healthy tree, and nearly all the trees peddled about are more or less stunted. Purchasers should examine the trees in the nursery rows themselves, before buying, when they could easily judge what trees and what varieties are perfectly good and suitable, or they should send their orders to nurserymen they can depend on for supplying a genuine and thrifty article. I have trees propagated from nearly every variety in my nursery. Several hundreds of such varieties appear to be perfectly suitable to the quince stock, and many, more especially of the newer varieties, grow with the greatest luxuriance.

But to cultivate dwarf pears properly and with certainty in this climate, they must be mulched twice a year—once in June or early in July, digging it in slightly in October; second, in December, digging it in again in April. The roots of the quince are so much nearer the surface than the pear, that they are more readily affected with the droughts of summer and the frosts of winter.

Last winter was severe on unprotected dwarf pears. In wet ground those in nursery rows were nearly all killed, and the same in sandy soil. Strong clayey loam, so dry that water won't stand on it, is the best soil. On such there is little trouble in cultivating them, and they are much superior to standard pears. When planted on sandy soils, mulching is indispensable.—*James Dougall, in Michigan Farmer.*

SORE SHOULDERS IN HORSES.—In reply to an inquiry as to the best treatment for a horse of tender skin, whose shoulders got chafed by the collar from the shortest work, the editor of the N. Brit. Agriculturist gives some directions, of which the following is the sum and substance. He says, when a sore is actually formed in consequence of chafing by the collar, the horse should either be laid off work, or the collar stuffing should be removed so as to prevent pressure on the wound. A mixture containing half an ounce of sulphate of zinc to a quart of water should be continually applied by means of a soft rag saturated with the mixture and laid upon the sore. The plan of keeping the part constantly wet, tends to abate inflammation and soreness, and rapidly induces the healing process. If the horse cannot be allowed to rest, the collar must be eased as before directed, the sore well bathed with water, and then dressed with the above mixture before going to work, and on coming from it. If the skin be unbroken and merely tender or somewhat thickened, and perhaps rather knotty, a strong solution of common salt in water is a very excellent application. It may be applied by means of a rag saturated in the solution and laid upon the part affected. The same treatment is applicable to bruises by the saddle as well as to those by the collar; it being essential to the cure in both cases that the collar or saddle should be made to fit properly.

RULE FOR MEASURING CORN IN THE EAR.—The following is the result of careful, and, I believe, accurate experiment, with the large laid white cobbed variety taken from the crib in the fourth month.

RULE.—Divide the bulk of ears expressed in cubic feet by 2⅝ or 2.625, and the quotient will be bushels of shelled corn. Or, divide the weight of ears in pounds by 66, and the quotient will be bushels as before.—*D. E. in Progressive Farmer.*

☞ A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.—Connubial.—Says Mr. Pin, in a rage, to his wife, Mrs. Needle, "I only wish you'd a head on your shoulders." Says Mrs. Needle, in a passion, "Dont talk to me: if you had only an eye about you, as I have!"

LARGE AND SMALL TREES.—We have had some experience in transplanting both kinds, taken from the nurseries. There is no more risk in removing a pear or apple tree, four or five years from the bud, than one year from it. We are persuaded that we have lost three years by setting small trees where we might have set large. The large apple trees from Dyer's nursery, that we put out two years ago, have made as much wood as smaller ones. Some of them have blossomed, and the apples set both years, and as they are full of fruit buds, we look for a sample of their fruit next season.

It may not generally be known that large sized apple trees, say two or three inches from the butt, cost no more than the smallest size. Nurserymen, if they have a large stock on hand, have no other resource than to cut and burn them, as they grow beyond the proper size for transplanting, so that they are glad to dispose of them at that price. Large pear trees, especially those upon quince, are most expensive. We have purchased some, nine years old this fall, at two dollars each, and consider it much better economy than to pay 50 cts. for trees, two years from the bud. They are as safely moved, and will soon bear abundantly. If any of our readers are about to set an apple orchard, we are confident they will find it for their interest to order large trees. Let them dig large holes, and put in compost liberally, and they will soon have fruit.

# The Riddler.

### BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 2, 10, 11, 17, 9, was a hero of the Revolutionary War.
My 3, 6, 5, 17, 9, 19, 10, was the founder of Quebec.
My 4, 3, 3, 11, 16, 17, 9, was a celebrated English poet.
My 5, 4, 3, 11, 16, 17, 9, was a President of the United States.
My 7, 17, 10, 9, 12, was a celebrated English theologian.
My 8, 3, 21, 1, 10, was a King of Scotland.
My 9, 17, 10, 13, 17, 9, was a celebrated poetess.
My 14, 7, 17, 10, 19, 13, 17, 9, was a celebrated English botanist.
My 15, 3, 10, 12, 3, was a King of England.
My 16, 7, 6, 9, 10, 19, 17, 9, 8, was a celebrated English poet.
My 18, 1, 16, 17, was a celebrated English architect.
My 20, 3, 20, 1, 16, was a President of the United States.
My whole was an accomplished and highly-gifted novelist.

"GARMEW."

### ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, is an abbreviation of a title.
My 2, is a vowel.
My 3, is a vowel.
My 4, is a Roman numeral.
My 5, is an abbreviation of a title.
My 6, is a Roman numeral.
My 7, is a vowel.
My 8, is a Roman numeral.
My 9, is a vowel.
My 10, is a Roman numeral.
My 11, is a vowel.
My 12, is an abbreviation of a point of the compass.
My 13, is a vowel.
My 14, is an abbreviation of a point of the compass.
My whole we have too much of.

Greenfield, Dade Co., Mo. RUPPRIMO.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a preposition.
My second is an abbreviation of partnership.
My third is a pronoun.
My fourth is an annual payment.
My whole is a word expressive of inconsistency.

Alamo, Indiana. J. L. TRUAX.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was Cæsar's greatest trouble,
My second till your cash will double;
My whole displays an author's name,
Fast rising on the rolls of fame.

Talladega.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman making his will, gave to his son William one-fourth of his property plus two hundred dollars; to John one-third; to Mary one-eighth, and to Charles the rest, which was $300 less than William's portion. What was the entire estate?

Philadelphia, Jefferson Co., N. Y. A. U. M.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Ans.—Because it keeps continually lightning.

☞ Why should a perfumer make a good editor? Ans.—Because he is accustomed to making elegant extracts?

☞ What mood are you always sure of seeing in a clothing-store? Ans.—Ready-made.

☞ Why are tame ducks like the eggs of wild ones? Ans.—Because they make water fowl (water-foul.)

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Vasco Nunez de Balboa.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—General Israel Putnam.
CHARADE.—Con-un-drum. (Conundrum.)
CHARADE.—Can-on.
ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.—144.

EUROPEAN BEAUTY AT A DISCOUNT IN AFRICA.—We had to wait a considerable time in the outer court and doorway before his majesty was pleased to admit us. A crowd of soldiers collected round us, and amused themselves with many facetious remarks on our appearance, such as "Cat's eyes," "Monkey's hair," "What nice red morocco their skin would make for a sword-sheath!" &c. These expressions were afterwards made known to me; for in those days I was in a state of ignorance as regarded the language; and having myself a tolerably good opinion of my appearance, I judged that their remarks must be highly complimentary. I remember some years after this asking a person with whom I had become intimate, and who had never seen any white man but myself, what impression my first appearance had made on him. He answered me very simply that I resembled a rather good-looking Abyssinian who had lost his skin. But I must own that our appearance at the time of our first visit to Howzayn was calculated to excite much amusement. We had only recently adopted the Abyssinian costume, and as yet were not altogether well practised in the mode of putting on the cloth. Besides which, our straight hair, not yet long enough to be tressed, was plastered back with butter, and the faces of those of our party who were encased in a thin skin, which I am happy to say never was my fate, were as red as a fresh capsicum.—*From Parkyn's "Life in Abyssinia."*

☞ Spriggles recommends that the members of the Legislature abandon all foreign drinks, and confine themselves to sage tea, an article of domestic production, which may make them wiser.

# Miscellaneous.

## ANECDOTE OF SILAS WRIGHT.

A gentleman who, during the lifetime of Mr. Wright, was his most intimate and confidential friend, related to us, a few days ago, the following incident of his life, an incident which shows clearly the high moral principle by which that great and good man was ever governed, in both private and public affairs.

While a member of the Senate of New York, many years ago, there were several applications for bank charters, some of them for institutions with a large capital, and whose friends were urging the passage of the bills with vehemence, and a system of Lobbying was brought into requisition, scarcely inferior to the present highly perfected state of the profession. On one occasion, a prominent member of Assembly, and either then or subsequently Speaker of the House, walking, arm-in-arm, with Mr. Wright, when the following conversation, in substance, passed between them:—

*Member*—I am told, Mr. Wright, that you have never acquired a fortune, but are in moderate circumstances.

*Mr. Wright*—You are correct. I have never found time to devote especially to making money, and am not perhaps so much attached to property as most men.

*Member*—But you would not dislike to be rich, and in easy circumstances?

*Mr. Wright*—No: on the contrary, it would afford me pleasure to have a competency, believing that I could use it prudently, and in such manner as to benefit others as well as myself.

*Member*—I think I could put you in the way of a fortune of say $50,000, if you would but adopt my suggestions.

*Mr. W.*—I should feel greatly obliged to you for any suggestion, which would enable me, honestly, to acquire such an amount.

*Member*—Well, then, you know that the bank bills will be up in the Senate to-morrow. We have been canvassing, and find the vote very close. I know your opposition to them, and your determination to defeat them. Now if you manage to be unwell, and be detained from your seat when the question is taken, I have no doubt some of my friends would do something handsome, and rather think it would be $50,000.

*Mr. W.*—(Indignantly dropping the arm of the member;) Sir, I am astonished, you have said enough sir. I wish to hear no more. If my life is spared, I shall be in my seat to vote against the bills.

Mr. Wright said that such an impression was made on his mind by the conversation, that he was too nervous to sleep soundly, and that at one time of the night, he awoke and found himself wandering about the room, in a state of nervous excitement. In the morning he ate a very light breakfast, fearing it might cause him to be sick, and half an hour before the meeting of the Senate, he was in his seat, impatiently waiting for the opportunity to record his vote, as judgment and honesty dictated.

Such was the principle which controlled the action of Mr. Wright in all his public and private relations. His success is recorded in history, while the fate of the person who had the temerity to attempt to swerve him from the path of rectitude, although a man of fine talents and popular manners, fell a prey to dissipation, and after removing from his country residence to the city of New York, died an inglorious death. We could give his name, but prefer to withhold it, out of regard for the feelings of friends.—*Rome Sentinel.*

FIRE FROM DEFECTIVE ARCHITECTURE.—The New York Journal of Commerce improves the recent entire destruction of a Fifth Avenue mansion by a lecture on the risks of fire which ensue from the present mode of constructing houses. It appears that in the instance referred to, the fire having got behind the furring (the strips of wood nailed to the wall or joists, as the case may be, to receive the lath and plaster,) all efforts to extinguish the fire were unavailing. A hole cut into this lath and plaster, to introduce the hose, produced a draft of air, which added intensely to the flame. The Journal thinks, that with very little additional outlay over what is now expended in the erection of houses, they can be rendered so nearly fire-proof as to render it difficult to burn them, and that the mode of building now employed—a brick or stone inside, shielding a wood house within—is as bad as an entire wooden structure. The outside wall excludes the water, and the fire rages between it and the plastering without difficulty or interruption. The remedy for this exposure is to carry up an interior wall, within three or four inches of the front wall, and put the plastering upon that, instead of furring. If the inside shutters are needed to go from the floor to the ceiling, make them and the box which receives them, on the principal floor, of iron.

A room enclosed on all sides with brick walls, and having no wood to connect with the floor above it, except the ordinary doors and windows, would be so disconnected from drafts of air, that it would be consumed by fire very slowly, which could, therefore, be put out with very little trouble. The flame would not reach the floor above. The wood work under the windows, constituting the casing, ought in every case to be dispensed with, and another material substituted. A marble seat, with a loose cushion, would be a proper substitute, though many others would answer. The experiment of using soap stone for the foot board we tried last year with advantage, near to furnace flues, and in halls and elsewhere, and can recommend it for economy and safety. The furnace of a dwelling should be placed under the main hall—should have no wood floor above, but a tile floor constructed on a brick arch, and the flues for warming should be made in brick walls.

INSTINCTIVE FEAR.—Dr. Gilman, in an article on poisonous snakes, relates the following suggestive incident:—"A large rattlesnake, beheaded instantly with a hoe, would, an hour and a half after, strike at anything that pinched its tail. Of several persons who were testing their firmness of nerve by trying to hold the hand steady while the serpent struck at it, not one could be found whose hand would not recoil in spite of his resolution; and one man, a great bully, by-the-by, was struck on the naked throat, with considerable force, by the headless trunk of the serpent, and staggered back, fainted and fell, from terror."

SIT UPRIGHT.—"Sit upright! sit upright, my son!" said a lady to her son George, who had formed a wretched habit of bending whenever he sat down to read. His mother had told him that he could not breathe rightly unless he sat upright. But it was no use; bend over he would, in spite of all his mother could say. "Sit upright, Master George!" cried his teacher, as George bent over his copy-book at school. "If you don't sit upright like Master Charles, you will ruin your health, and possibly die of consumption." This startled Master George. He did not want to die, and he felt alarmed. So after school, he said to his teacher, "Please, sir, explain to me how bending over when I sit can cause me to have the consumption?"

"That I will, George," replied his teacher, with a cordial smile. "There is an element in the air called oxygen, which is necessary to make your blood circulate, and to help it purify itself by throwing off what is called its carbon. When you stoop you cannot take in a sufficient quantity of air to accomplish these purposes; hence, the blood remains bad, and the air-cells in your lungs become irritated. Presently the lungs inflame. The cough comes on. Next, the lungs ulcerate, and then you die. Give the lungs room to inspire plenty of fresh air, and you will not be injured by study. Do you understand the matter now, George?"

"I think I do, sir; and I will try to sit upright hereafter," said George. He was right in this resolution. Will all the boys and girls who read my magazine imitate him? They will, I know, if they wish to live healthy lives. Make it your motto, therefore, my little reader, to sit upright, whether you sit to eat, to sew, to read, or to converse. Now don't forget it. *You must sit upright.*—*Forrester's Magazine.*

# The Olio.

## STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye,
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care;
As cavern'd waters wear the stone,
Yet dropping harden there—
They cannot petrify more fast,
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again.

BULWER IN PARLIAMENT.—A writer in the Liverpool *Journal*, describing the debate on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, gives the following sketch of the author of "The Caxtons:"

"I think Sir Bulwer Lytton is the most ridiculous-looking man, with his horse nose, and his blue saucer eyes, in her Majesty's dominions; and his bow-wowy voice drives one into hysterics of fidgetiveness; and his gestures—oh! his gestures; consider Cassandra being dogmatic in a state of delirium tremens. The impression for the first five minutes of his oratory is awful; you see members dusting their faces with their handkerchiefs, screwing themselves to their benches, and keeping their eyes off the door that looks so tempting an escape from the tremendous baronet. But genius asserts itself, and one forgets the tremendous baronet in the man whose very grotesqueness but proves his grand originality; and forgetting the manner in the matter—when it is good, as on Tuesday—the house cheers. Sir Edward sat down, on that night, with a parliamentary success, having achieved that, he is celebrated for his pertinacity, which he has been twenty years striving for; and as I watched him passing along the lobby to dinner, amid unreserved congratulations, I came to the conclusion that was the happiest moment of a career which, though leafy with laurels, has, perhaps, been a very melancholy life."

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.—As a specimen of the Spanish Fables in their English dress, by Mr. Devereux, we take the following:—

"A strangely inconsistent crew,"
Said the Viper to the Leech;
"Men fly from me and seek for you,
Although they get a bite from each."
"All very true," the Leech replied;
"But the two things are different quite.
I take the sick to give them aid;
To kill the sound and well, you bite."

Now, gentle reader, will you take
This counsel as we part;
And always due distinction make,
If from the lash you smart?
Great is the difference between
Correction kind and malice keen.

THE TEACHER'S HIGH VOCATION.—If the man deserves well of his country, who, according to an ingenious statesman's observation, makes three spires of grass to grow where only two grew before, what praise does he merit who multiplies intelligence, who expands the slumbering faculties of the human soul, who calls forth into exercise powers capable of increasing the public stock of wealth, of virtue and happiness, and of exalting the possessor to his proper station of usefulness and importance? If that potter who has moulded the unresisting clay to forms of beauty and elegance has deserved our patronage, what glory shall be his who, faithful and diligent in his functions, has shaped the minds of men, and all to honor and virtue?—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*

PATRIOTISM.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture on this subject, which he considered under different heads, said:—"The sixth and most important element of Patriotism is that *by which we come to love our fellow-citizens.* This comes direct from religion, and is therefore the noblest element of patriotism. Whenever men are born God is their father, and they are all brothers."

# For Housekeepers.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—A pint and a-half of yellow Indian meal, sifted. A handful of wheat flour. A quarter of a pound of fresh butter. A quart of milk. Four eggs. A very small teaspoonful of salt. Put the milk into a saucepan. Cut the butter into it. Set it over the fire and warm it until the butter is very soft, but not until it melts. Then take it off, stir it well till all is mixed, and set it away to cool. Beat four eggs very light; and when the milk is cold, stir them into it, alternately with the meal, a little at a time, of each. Add the salt. Beat the whole very hard after it is all mixed. Then butter some muffin-rings on the inside. Set them in a hot oven, or on a heated griddle; pour some of the batter into each; and bake the muffins well. Send them hot to table, continuing to bake while a fresh supply is wanted. Pull them open with your fingers, and eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.—*Farm Journal.*

FINE APPLE JELLY.—Take half a bushel of good pippin, bell-flower, or other fair sub-acid fruit, carefully cut out all blemishes, and without peeling or coring, quarter them, and throw them as they are cut into a pan of cold water to preserve the color. When all the apples are thus prepared, take them out of the water, and without wiping or drying them, add to every pound of the fruit one pound of best loaf or crushed sugar. Put all together into a large preserving-kettle, with water barely sufficient to keep them from burning, and mix among them the rind of half-a-dozen lemons, cut into very small pieces, together with the juice of the same. Boil the mass as rapidly as possible, without burning, until the apples become perfectly soft, or boiled to a mash; then put the whole into a jelly-bag, and if wanted for immediate use, run the liquid into moulds; but if intended for keeping, run it into jars in the usual manner. Jelly made by the above method will be beautifully transparent, and delicious to the taste, and presents to the connoisseur one of the richest delicacies of the season.

WASHING BUTTER WITH NEW MILK.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator, over the signature of "Many," says he finds in a French work the following remark, and asks if any of the butter-makers in this country have ever tried it, and if so, with what result. The remark is as follows: To procure butter of an excellent flavor and extreme delicacy, it must be washed finally with new milk. The cream of the milk is incorporated with the butter, and communicates to it its sweetness and delicacy.—*Ex.*

The practice of washing butter with new milk is not new, or common only to France; a large trade is carried on in and about London, in very choice fresh butter. The dealers purchase, in the country, butter that has been salted, but is otherwise sweet. This is churned in sweet new milk, and comes out in due time a very delicious article, which is sold daily at a very high figure. It is a capital process for renovating old butter.—*Rural New-Yorker.*